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India

The Great Betrayal

By the Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, M.P.

I SUPPOSE you have been told that those who are fighting against this India abdication policy are hopelessly outnumbered. Sir Samuel Hoare boasts that he has a majority of three to one in the House of Commons, four to one in the House of Lords, and three to one in the National Union of Conservative Associations. He certainly has got eleven to two in the share that has been given to us upon the broadcast. No doubt these are great odds. But if our forbears had been cowed by heavy odds, the British Empire would have stopped at Brighton Beach. It would never have existed if Clive had not won the battle of Plassey, not at five to one, or at ten to one, but at more than twenty to one. This India Home Rule plan strikes at the destiny of the British Empire; and the destiny of the British Empire will not be settled by mere numbers, by counting noses, by clever wire-pulling, by adroit manoeuvre. It will be settled by the spirit of the British nation, by the march of world events and by the faithful discharge of their duty, by men and women spread throughout the land, whose constant thought is for the future of our country and whose will power is unconquerable.

Verdict of Practical Experience

Sir Samuel Hoare boasted in his broadcast of all the ex-Viceroy, all the ex-Governors and other important magnates—I suppose I mustn't call them 'nobs'—whom he has roped in on the side of Indian Home Rule.

He says he has all the authorities behind him. But what nonsense this is! These great personages who have sailed over the surface of Indian affairs, these political dreamers and schemers who love to air their theories, these exalted officials bound by their duty to the Government of the day, are not the only people who know about India. There are several hundred thousand practical people in this country who have lived or served in India. You can judge what I say for yourselves: you know what their opinion is. You must know someone who has come back from India; someone who has just had to live there in the ordinary way amid that vast population. Well, ask him his opinion. Ask him to tell you plainly as man to man whether we are not on the highroad to losing our Indian Empire altogether. Ask him where he thinks we shall be in fifteen years if this Bill goes through. Ask him whether he believes from his own practical experience that it is a wise thing to force this western democracy business upon the enormous illiterate masses of poor toiling Indians just to gratify the ambitions of their political agitators and highbrows. If you took a ballot on this India Home Rule Bill among the British electors who have lived in India and gave them each one vote for every year they have lived there, the verdict would be twenty, thirty, forty to one against the policy which we are now told commands a preponderance of expert Anglo-Indian opinion.

Then we are told that the working-classes or black-coated working-men (and that is an important class, too)

take no interest in India. Let them get on, they say, with their job, if they have got one! Let them leave this complicated Indian business to their superiors. What's India got to do with them?

India and the Wage-earners of Britain

My friends, to whom I now speak (and I have been trying for the last four years to speak to you about India on the broadcast), let me tell you India has quite a lot to do with the wage-earners of Britain. Why, the Lancashire cotton operatives have found that out all right. A hundred thousand of them are on the dole already; and if we lost India, if we had the same treatment from a Home Rule India as we have had (to our sorrow) from a Home Rule Ireland, it wouldn't be a hundred thousand, it would be more like two million bread-winners in this country who would be tramping the streets and queuing up at the Labour Exchanges. We have in this island a population of forty-five millions living at a higher level than the people of any other European country. One-third of these would have to go down, out or under, if we ceased to be a great Empire with world-wide connections and trade. That would be the fate of the large population of Little England. And then they tell us that the relations of Great Britain and India are not a matter for the working-classes or for the ordinary elector. Oh, no, they say, all these lofty matters have to be settled by a lot of swells back-scratching each other and log-rolling at Westminster and Whitehall. The working-classes are not to be encouraged to take any interest in India. Let them mind their own business. India is nothing to do with them, nothing. It is only their daily bread. That's all.

But you will say, 'We mustn't exploit India. We mustn't suck the life out of these poor Indians for our own benefit. We would scorn to do that. We would rather starve (or clem, as they say in Lancashire) than have them oppressed for our advantage'. But, my friends, the benefits which Britain derives from India are only a fraction of the blessings we have given to India in return. I do not speak only of the fruitful exchanges of trade. If a visitor came from another planet and looked out over this worried, perplexed and tumultuous human scene he would say, 'Why is this continent of India, which is almost as large and as populous as Europe, so different from Europe, so different from the rest of Asia, indeed from the rest of the world? How is it that forty different nations, speaking twenty main languages, professing almost as many different religions, with all their fierce rivalries and quarrels are dwelling in absolute peace and safety? Why is this India the only soil of equal area upon which no battle has been fought for eighty years? Why have these peoples no fear of invasion or foreign conquest? How is it that one law and one allegiance laps them in a common tranquillity? Whence comes this confidence that they have in their Courts of Justice? How have they gained their universal assurance of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Whence comes this strange immunity from the perils and disasters which have darkened the life of every other continent, which today harass all the most civilised nations of the world? How is it India has not fallen into the anarchy which has engulfed China or under the tyranny by which Russia is frozen and enslaved? Those are the questions which our astral visitor would ask. And what would be the answer? The answer would be that far away there is a small island shrouded in the mists of the Atlantic Ocean which by its sea power, by its heart's blood and its civic virtues, has created and organised in two hundred years a serene and splendid harmony of peace and order, of tolerance, of justice and of law. The answer would be that a few thousand officials and barely fifty thousand soldiers, renewed from generation to generation, controlled by the Mother of Parliaments and inspired by the venerable symbols of the British monarchy, have been able to confer these inestimable blessings and privileges upon India with its three

hundred and fifty millions of people constituting one-sixth of the human race.

The answer would be that Britain has done for India quite surely and firmly what we all hope the League of Nations will some day be able to do for Europe, and that, freed from war and famine, the population of India has bounded up by 100 million in the last fifty years. That is a proud answer. The kind of answer no other country has ever given in so great a matter; and the finest, most enduring answer which our country will be able to give on any question that will ever be asked her.

What a shame it is that this case has not been vindicated and proclaimed by the leaders of the Conservative party. There are so many to decry British achievements. Why should *they* have presented themselves as the apologists of our rule in India? Why should they of all people hurry forward and use all their powers to bring to an end the high mission of Britain in the Orient? Future ages will regard it as incomprehensible that a handful of men, less than half-a-dozen, but with their hands upon the party machine, could have twisted the whole mentality of the Conservative party into its present abject mood. No wonder the odds are heavy against us when we not only have to face our ordinary opponents, but when the whole of our own G.H.Q. is working on the other side. Pretty rough, you say. By one heave of your shoulders, nay, by giving them one sharp dig in the ribs, you can recall the Conservative party to its traditional duty. Why don't you do it? You'd be all the better for it, and so would they.

'A Monstrous Monument of Shame'

Sir Samuel Hoare has thrust upon Parliament the most bulky Bill ever known. If it was as luminous as it is voluminous, it would indeed command respect. But what is this India Home Rule Bill? I will tell you. It is a gigantic quilt of jumbled crochet work. There is no theme; there is no pattern; there is no agreement; there is no conviction; there is no simplicity; there is no courage. It is a monstrous monument of shame built by the pygmies.

India is to be subjected to a double simultaneous convulsion in the Provinces and at the Centre by a crazy attempt to create a Federal system, before the units which compose it have even been formed. The wall before the bricks are made; the faggot before the stakes are cut! The faithful, trustworthy Indian police, the mainstay of peace and order, are to be disturbed and harassed by divided allegiances arising from unsure, irrational compromise. The supreme government of India is to be racked by dyarchy—rival authorities clutching at the levers of power. In a period of severe economic and financial stress India is to be launched upon another ten years of furious, costly, sterile political struggles fought out in the heart and brain of the Central Government, as well as in those of the Provincial Administration. There are to be eleven Governors armed with dictatorial powers if they dare to use them: that is to say, eleven potential kings of the seventeenth-century type. There are to be eleven actual parliaments on the twentieth-century model. And these two opposite forces are to begin a wearing struggle with one another which will plunge India into deepening confusion and will impose upon these helpless millions, and hundreds of millions, living as they do already on the very margin of existence, a cruel new burden of taxation and misgovernment.

Whom Does the White Paper Satisfy?

And all for what? Whom does this White Paper Home Rule satisfy? The Socialist party, while they urge it on, condemn it and take it only as a stepping-stone for a further downward leap. The Indian Liberals have condemned it. The Congress party in India repudiate it utterly, and will only use it as an invaluable weapon for the overthrow of British power. The Conservative party

here at home loathe it, and fear it in their hearts. Well they may, for it is by their votes that it can alone be carried and upon their heads that the long reproach will lie.

Even the authors of this policy show by a multitude of shifts and safeguards that they have little confidence in what they do. They give and they take back, and then half give again. They concede a principle, they deny it in performance. They refuse, and then they furnish the weapons by which that refusal can be upset. They tempt and they disappoint. They speak with double voices; one to the House of Commons, the other to the Indian politicians. They will be disbelieved by both. They deserve to be disbelieved by both.

But it is said if we do not swallow this Indian betrayal the so-called National Government will be weakened, the Conservative party will be divided, the Socialists will come in at the General Election, and they will serve the country even worse. What then, they ask, what then, they sneer, can we do? My friends, it is remarkable how often the difficult problems of life can be settled by plain action. 'Act well thy part; there all the honour lies!' That is the only safe course. We ought all to do our duty and act simply and straightforwardly according to our convictions. Then it may well be we shall gain a reward beyond our fondest hopes, and certainly far above the most laborious calculations.

The other day I urged the Conservative party to ask themselves one or two blunt questions. Would any other country in the modern world behave as we are doing about our great possessions and markets over the seas? Would France? Would Holland? Would Italy? These friendly countries stand amazed at British folly. Would Germany? Why, she is preparing to reclaim by force of arms the colonies and possessions of which she has been deprived. Then there is Japan, which at the other end of the world is building up an Empire while we seem ready to let ours all drift away on the ebb of the tide.

There is one more question we must ask ourselves. The storm clouds are gathering over the European scene. Our defences have been neglected. Danger is in the air . . . yes, I say in the air. The mighty discontented nations are reaching out with strong hands to regain what they have lost; nay, to gain a predominance which they have never had. Is this, then, the time to plunge our vast dependency of India into the melting-pot? Is this the time fatally to dishearten by such a

policy all those strong clean forces at home upon which the strength and future of Britain depends?

'We Are No Alien Power in India'

I do not take so poor a view of our moral rights in India as is fashionable nowadays. We are no alien power in India. We are the latest of many conquerors, and we are the only conquerors who have ever made the well-being of the Indian masses their supreme satisfaction. What is the chief shame of this India Home Rule Bill? It is that we finally withdraw our guardianship from this teeming myriad population of Indian toilers. We withdraw our protection from their daily lives. We withdraw it not merely as an experiment which can be brought to an end at any moment; but as a solemn abdication and repudiation of duty. We are henceforward to shrug our shoulders about their education and their hospitals, the canals which water their fields, the courts of justice upon which they rely, and we cut them from the House of Commons which has so long been their shield. In view of the many failures which have followed the 1919 experiment I have proposed a system of grants-in-aid administered by an Inspectorate. But this is spurned by Sir Samuel Hoare. We deliver the Indian population to inefficiency, nepotism and corruption. We entrench against them the most narrow, bitter and squalid vested interests and superstitions. And this is called 'Progress'!

What do the Socialists say themselves? Mr. Attlee, the official spokesman of the Socialist party—the party who think they are soon again going to be the rulers of our country—said 'We do not want to hand over the workers and peasants of India to the princes, landlords, moneylenders, industrialists and lawyers. I fear that that is what we are doing'. Those are terrible words, and I, as a Conservative opposed to his party on so many points, tell you that they are true. There is no exaggeration in them. They are the brutal truth. By this deed we abandon our mission in the East, the faithful discharge of which has been our greatest glory. By it we blacken the face of Britain with an indelible stain and rend the life of India with an incurable wound.

Listen to reason. Listen to prudence. Listen to justice. Listen to honour. Claim your rights with confidence. Discharge your mission with fidelity and preserve to your children the glory and estate their fathers won.

Demand for Partnership

By the Rt. Hon. GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P.

THE Bill for Indian Constitutional Reform which we are discussing has been received in British India with almost unanimous disapproval. This opposition is not based on any hatred of Great Britain. The Indian masses and their leaders desire nothing better than to be partners and friends with the British people.

Their national self-respect will not, however, allow them any longer to be treated as an ignorant subject race. They refuse to accept a Constitution imposed upon them by alien conquerors. The Indian people have been taught by Viceroy, speaking in the name of the King-Emperor, that the British people were determined that in process of time, India should be ruled by Indians and become a partner of her own free will in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

We have also encouraged Indians of all classes to come to Britain, Europe and America, and to learn through experience and education the meaning of government of the people, by the people, for the people; and the value of liberty of thought and freedom of speech. Tens of thousands of young Indians have learnt what to them has been an entirely new philosophy of living, and have returned to their native land determined to work for a new India, free from foreign domination, and of equal status with the rest of the world.

This proposed Constitution completely fails to give India government by the people. It is cumbersome, costly and undemocratic, and leaves ultimate control over all Indian services with the British Viceroy and Provincial Governors. Autocracy veiled by a facade of make-believe democracy is the best description of this scheme.

The Federal portion of the scheme cannot come into opera-

tion until a proportion of the Princes are satisfied. Indeed, any or all of them may refuse to come in, and by so doing wreck the scheme. Quite different is the treatment of the people of British India: they are given no choice. The scheme is to be imposed upon them against their will, and when passed, changes cannot be discussed for a period of ten years.

This is a policy which the Labour Party cannot possibly support. The Party's declaration of policy, made with the full assent of the present Prime Minister at the 1927 Annual Conference of our Party, is this:

We reaffirm the right of the Indian people to full self-government and self-determination. Therefore the policy of the British government should be one of continuous co-operation with the Indian peoples with the object of establishing India at the earliest possible moment and by her consent as an equal partner with the other members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

The Prime Minister may have changed his mind. We stand immovably by our declared policy. The people of India must secure power to control their own lives. The social, industrial and economic condition of the masses is most pitiable. Poverty of an indescribable character is the lot of millions. All the diseases created by starvation, lack of sanitation, bad water and foul housing conditions destroy each year millions of babies, children, women and men.

Low Standard of Living

Here are some official figures taken from the report of the Royal Commission on Labour in India. They tell us:

That the last census report shows that 70 per cent. of the houses in Bombay city are one-roomed; and the Labour Office

family budget investigations of 1921-22 showed that 97 per cent. of the working classes are accommodated in one-roomed tenements, with as many as six to nine persons living in one room.

That in Karachi almost one-third of the whole population in crowded at the rate of six to nine persons in a room, while in Ahmedabad 73 per cent. of the working classes live in one-roomed tenements.

Corresponding figures for other cities such as Cawnpore, Howrah, Calcutta and Madras are unobtainable, but our observations showed that nearly all the workers live in single rooms.

To those who say that India cannot afford to spend more on public health services we reply that she cannot afford to do otherwise.

The Public Health Commissioner in his Annual Report for 1931 states that:

The death rate was 24.8 per 1,000 of the 1931 census population.

During the preceding five years the percentage was slightly higher.

The death rate of infants below one year old was 178.8 per 1,000 in 1931, and 180.8 per 1,000 in 1930. During the preceding five years it was 177.6 per 1,000.

The Royal Commission on Labour in India further states:

It is known that the average expectation of life at birth is only about 25 years, as compared with over 54 years in Great Britain.

And: The infantile mortality rate for Bombay City in 1929 was 298 per 1,000 births, and recent reports on health conditions in Madras and Rangoon give rates of 300 to 350 per 1,000 for certain parts of these cities.

What earthly use is there in boasting a great increase of population if living conditions are so foul as to produce such appalling death rates?

Mr. Mehta, the Indian delegate to the International Labour Conference, speaking at Geneva in June last, declared that in India there were no fewer than forty million unemployed, of whom thirty-three million were agricultural labourers. These masses of unwanted people have no out-relief, no unemployment pay, but just manage to exist in a state of continual semi-starvation.

What India Gives and Gets.

There are people who, when we talk of these things, ask us to put against them the enormous benefits our rule has conferred upon India. A British statesman once said, 'We are in India to make money'. And this, of course, is true. Imperialism does not often conquer deserts. Of course, railways have been built; some, the Indians say, are only needed for strategic purposes. A great barrage which stores up water has been built at Sukker. Huge factories, cotton mills, coal mines, iron, steel and jute works, irrigation and other works have been carried out; a new Delhi and many other palatial buildings and enterprises. Every penny of the cost of these industrial and other undertakings is paid, or is being paid for, out of the miserable earnings of the sweated poverty-stricken workers and peasants, plus what the State takes by taxation from money-lenders, financiers, and employers. Every public official, from His Excellency the Viceroy—including the pomp and pageantry of the Viceregal Court—down to the least of civil servants, together with pensions and salaries of Anglican bishops and clergy, are all paid for by the people of India.

These Indian workers and peasants are not paupers or debtors to any nation. Out of their lives of cruel hardship and destitution on the land and in mill, mine and workshop, they help us to maintain our relatively high standard of living. If a balance sheet could be prepared showing gains and losses by either nation, we should find it heavily weighted in favour of Britain in a financial and material sense.

Indians also give us service in other ways. They fight in and help us pay for war. The late Lord Birkenhead says that the Indian troops prevented the defeat of the Allies in France, and that without them the War would have been lost. These poverty-stricken masses, without being asked, are responsible for a loan of £200 millions raised as a free gift to aid Britain and her Allies to carry on the Great War. When the struggle ended and pestilence ran like a whirlwind of destruction through the world, the people of India were smitten as no other nation was smitten. It has been estimated that her dead through the pestilence outnumbered the losses during the War endured by all other nations put together. They suffered so heavily be-

cause their conditions of life were so desperately poverty-stricken.

When their aid is needed our Indian brothers and sisters are considered as worthy partners to suffer or die by the side of men from these Islands and the Dominions in the partnership associated with the bestial business of war. The cost imposed on India for defence is a higher proportion of its national income than that of any other nation in the world—that is, 62½ per cent. of all expenditure by the Central Government. The enormous cost is partly accounted for by the extremely high cost of British troops. This is one of the most urgent reasons why India wants her own army.

We Should Honour Our Pledges

There is one question concerning national honour which I must beg you to consider. No matter what form of democratic government may ultimately be set up in India, Great Britain is in honour bound to admit India into the British Commonwealth as a partner of equal status with all the other Dominions. When Lord Irwin (now Lord Halifax) spoke for His Majesty at Delhi on November 1, 1929, in reply to those who doubted the sincerity of our promises, he said: 'But in view of the doubts which have been expressed both in Great Britain and India regarding the interpretation to be placed on the intentions of the British Government in enacting the Statute of 1919, I am authorised on behalf of His Majesty's Government to state clearly that in their judgment it is implicit in the declaration of 1917 that the natural issue of India's constitutional progress as there contemplated is the attainment of Dominion Status'.

This new Bill contains no reference to these pledges, and makes no reference either to Dominion status or equal partnership. The Joint Select Committee's Report was also silent on the subject. Many Tory speakers declare that neither Lord Irwin's statement nor any other similar statement made in the name of the King-Emperor by Viceroys, Royal Princes or anyone else on behalf of British Governments have any binding effect because such declarations cannot be binding unless first approved by the House of Commons. This may be good constitutional law—I don't know as I am not learned in the law. I am quite certain, however, that you agree with me that the Government should give a clear straightforward answer to the Indian demand for partnership and equality of status.

The people of India do not desire a mere general statement; they demand that Parliament shall be asked to put the validity of these pledges beyond dispute by embodying them in the new Constitution.

I have not spoken of the proposed provincial legislatures because, although it is agreed that these are based on slightly more progressive lines than the Federal scheme, the stark fact remains that the checks and safeguards, the upper chambers, and dictatorial powers vested in the Viceroy and Governors largely vitiate whatever new powers are given.

As to whether Indians will or will not work the scheme if it is ever passed as a whole, that is for them to decide. They are quite capable of deciding such a question. I can only say that I agree with my colleagues that in similar circumstances we should get every ounce of goodness out of legislation passed against our will, and continue to organise to win power to amend or repeal bad laws.

What Can Be Done by Goodwill

I am sorry no Indian speakers have as yet been asked to speak at this microphone on behalf of their country. You have a right to hear them, and they have a right to tell you in their own way why they so bitterly oppose this Bill. No other people but ourselves can speak for us. A few broadcast talks between Indian and British speakers would certainly be more useful than hearing only our side of the question.

I wish you could see and hear young Indians like Shiva Rao and Mr. Joshi addressing our Trades Union Congress. We have had similar speakers coming to us for over twenty years, and between us there has already grown up a comradeship which is based on the application of the doctrine of brotherhood. We know that goodwill, practising the doctrine of doing to others as you would be done by, is not an empty dream, but can be applied to relationships between nations as well as individuals. We know how much the wealth which

(Continued on page 254)



View from a monastery in Jehol

From 'Jehol, die kaiserstadt', by Sven Hedin (Brockhaus-verlag)

The Making of Manchukuo

By Dame RACHEL CROWDY

Dame Rachel Crowdy was Chief of the Social Questions and Opium Traffic Section of the League of Nations from 1919 to 1931, and was a Delegate to the Pacific Relations Conference in Shanghai in 1931

THE Far East, its thoughts and its habits, are so awfully unlike those of any other part of the world, that no one ought to talk about it with any degree of authority unless she has been born or bred there.

My only excuse for speaking about Manchukuo—the cradle of conflict, or the tinder-box of Asia, as it has been called—is that I only came back a day or two ago from spending two months there. I had paid a flying visit to the fringe of the country in 1931, when the Japanese moved into Mukden, then North China, and finally proclaimed an independent State, and I wanted to go back and see what progress, if any, had been made since those days. During my stay, I couldn't help wondering if Japan would ever have put her hand to the plough if she had realised what a furrow she had to drive! Though called an independent State, an Empire under a young Emperor who himself once ruled all China, it is Japanese money which pays for the upkeep of the Government, it is Japanese money which is developing industry, and it is the Japanese Army which of necessity to a large extent controls, orders and supports.

In fact, not to mince matters, without Japan the 'independent State' would not exist. It is she who is developing the country and it is the Japanese taxpayer who is footing the bill, and a very heavy one it is: it remains to be seen how long he will do so, but I leave high politics to others.

Manchukuo is as varied in her inhabitants as in her scenery. All the nationals of the Far East are there—Chinese, Japanese, Manchurians, Mongolians and Koreans—but, though Japan dominates, it is the Chinese who predominate everywhere, and it was for me quite impossible to think for a single second of

the country as anything except Chinese. The rich Chinese men have left, and with the exception of those men who hold Government positions, it is the small farmer, the labourer, the coolie and the little shopkeeper who have survived the change of regime.

It is very difficult for you in your Western-built houses to imagine what the cottage of a Manchurian labourer is like—little mud houses with the long brick bed, heated from below, on which the whole family sleeps. In the case of the farms there is generally a high mud stockade, surrounding the house and the farm buildings, for that can easily be defended. Their food, a bowl of rice or sometimes millet, and, if a few cents are forthcoming, an occasional bowl of tea.

I saw a woman's prison in Manchukuo, and I had to remember to say to myself all the time that I mustn't compare it with conditions that I knew in the West, but with what seemed to me to be the incredible discomfort of any very poor Chinese home. To some of the inhabitants that prison must have given a sense of security which they hadn't known for years, at least a daily meal and a cup of hot water, which their own houses couldn't always produce for them. And they had some degree of medical attention by the help of the Scottish Mission. A woman prisoner is allowed to have her children in prison with her—a comfort for the mother perhaps, but what of the future of the child?

The feet of many of the women are still bound, and I used to marvel when I saw them at their house-work or walking over the rough fields with their tiny distorted feet, whose bones have been broken in childhood. Two other things struck me specially about women in Manchukuo; one that even in the

darkest of streets at night, one never saw a boy and girl loitering and love-making together, as one does in all the cities of the West—they are more decorous. The other thing was that I never saw a strand of grey in the long, thick, oily black hair of the Chinese women. I never had the courage to enquire the secret of that eternal youth!

Motors are still few and far between in Manchukuo. In cities like Mukden, the old capital, or Hsinking, the new, one sees them of course. Government servants, foreign Consuls, Press representatives and Japanese business men—who are more and more in evidence—use them, but for the most part it is still the rickshaw, drawn by the coolie (looking like an Elizabethan page in his fur cap) that one sees, or the little tough Manchu pony with his long-legged rider's feet touching the ground, or the cart pulled by square-faced bullocks, which to me mean transport in Manchukuo. There is one other kind of transport which I always hated to see—heavy carts drawn by a team of men: for sometimes, alas, the labour of a man is cheaper than that of an animal in the Far East.

Sometimes too, on the country roads, one sees a mule



Chinese 'big-sword' troops defending Jehol in 1933

pannier—a litter with mules harnessed back and front. More often than not that means a missionary on one of his or her journeys, preaching from village to village, going without any fear whatsoever, or any apparent fear, into the opium dens to put up notices against the dangers and evils of opium smoking, or perhaps visiting the brother missionaries, cut off from ordinary companionship in some out-of-the-way place in bandit country. Like all of us who read the newspapers, I had known that there were still bandits and kidnapping going on in Manchukuo, but I hadn't realised till I had been for a week or two in the country, how 'bandit conscious' everybody becomes out there and what good reason really they have for being so. My first walk by the golf links in Mukden made me realise, for we zig-zagged like snipe. I was told it was unwise to go near any bushes—bandits took shelter behind them. The fact that most of the bushes could not have concealed even a baby bandit did not seem to have dawned on anyone. No! bandits and bushes both began with a B and that seemed to be enough!

I only once fully realised what kidnapping might mean. I was driving rather late at night, owing to a burst tyre, back to the city of Jehol, the chief city, along one of the many new roads which are stretching their long fingers over the countryside, when suddenly we came upon burning houses and a great grouping of men round the fires. The chauffeur spun off the road on to the sandy track below it, my little Japanese friend covered her eyes with the sleeves of her kimono; I could feel the muscles of the missionary sitting beside me tighten. We circuted, fording two streams and joining the main road several miles further on. As a matter of fact, not one of us made a comment, but the rest of the drive was rather silent!

One was told by the officials that banditry was getting less and less, and I believe that to be the case. But even so, it is a very real evil and has to be fought, and is being fought very efficiently by the Japanese army. So many circumstances can make a bandit in Manchukuo. Profession, poverty, or anger against an alien administration deeply resented. There is a recent law by which no farmers may own fire-arms. The object of that law is fairly obvious but its consequences may be disastrous. Whereas in old days a few well-armed farmers could hold a village from attack, today no sort of fight can be put up by a few unarmed men against a host of armed ones, so the farmers' stock is stolen and they themselves frequently carried away, either for ransom or to swell the ranks of the bandit armies.

A few months ago some officials of a big film company were kidnapped on the Chinese Eastern Railway, and since then no train may run by night on that part of the line.

I took the day coolie train rather than the ordinary passenger train and realised as we dawdled along through deserted countryside how easy a hold-up would be and how grateful at any moment we might have to be to our guards who sat talking to us, with their bags of ammunition between their feet and their sharp-shooters across their knees. They and some of the coolie passengers had at first been antagonistic to us, but we shared our fruit with them, posed them, much to their pleasure, for photographs, with their rifles or bundles as the case might be, and made them point out on our map the towns from which they came, and where they were born, and ended by parting with mutual regrets.

Once again, in Harbin, I understood bandit consciousness when I picked up the one English paper and read the following: 'Owing to the fact that drastic changes have been made in the police force and to increased vigilance, it is fair to say that banditry has been practically exterminated in the main streets of Harbin'. I saw at last the *raison d'être* of the two burly White Russian Guards who had accompanied us the night before to the heartbreaking dance-halls where White Russian women make the few cents they can in the cellars by the banks of the Sungari river. Our two body-guards sat with their revolvers in their hands in the entrance of each place we visited, and breathed, I'm sure, a sigh of relief when they landed us at last safely at our hotel.

Those same White Russians are another of those problems with which the Administration will have to cope, sooner or later. In Harbin alone there are about 60,000 Russians, of whom half are men who are connected with the Chinese Eastern Railway and the remainder White Russians and their families who came in as refugees after the Revolution.

The majority of those refugees are permanently on the fringe of starvation. Some make their livings by keeping small shops which are patronised by the Russian railwaymen and their families. When the Chinese Eastern passes out of Russian hands, as it is soon going to do, the situation will be worse, for then naturally the Russian shops will be replaced by Japanese ones, serving their own people. No wonder there is a great deal of drug-taking among those White Russians, especially among the young, who have no memories and no hope.

The Japanese certainly took on a giant's task when they made themselves responsible for the future of Manchukuo. Whether one approves or not of their original action (and it is not my business here to approve or to disapprove), it has to be owned that they have faced their task most valiantly, according to their own lights.

There is something of a crusading spirit among the young Japanese one meets there. They may not have to die for Manchukuo, but they have to live in Manchukuo, something which to many of them is infinitely harder—something which means uncongenial exile.

The Japanese have something to show for all their efforts. Roads and railways are knitting the country together everywhere. The immense new port of Rashin, which it is said will be able to deal with a million tons of shipping a year, on the north-east coast of Korea, will link up with the railway transport of Manchukuo and give a further incentive to her trade. Everywhere in the capital Government buildings are being

Topical

built of a kind which would not shame the greatest cities of the world, and in the town-planning nothing seems to have been forgotten—even down to playing-grounds for the children. The country is more ordered than it was—that is beyond dispute. How much that order is to the advantage of its inhabitants and how much to the newcomer is more debatable. It is true that it is being quickly industrialised, but I could not help asking myself what had happened to the farmers and the small shopkeepers whose plots of land are now covered with the new factories which have sprung up in and around Mukden.

Industrialisation means employment, of course, but how much labour is imported from Korea? What of the small shopkeeper whose trade has dwindled through the coming of the Japanese merchants and shop-owners? And most of all, it would be of interest to know what has become of the farmers whose lands are now occupied by Korean farmers and Japanese ex-service men? All these factors must be taken into consideration when one considers Manchukuo today. One must try to take an objective view.

I asked a good many people who know the situation in Manchuria far better than I do whether the Japanese have brought any sort of order out of the chaos in the Province of Jehol, and I found that even the people who had been most opposed to the Japanese action in 1933 had to own that, whatever the general situation in Manchuria may be, the people in the Province of Jehol are in a better situation today than they were two years ago. This is partly because the War Lord who ran the Province before the Japanese came in happened to be a

has been done to reduce the epidemics of cholera, dysentery and plague. Added to that, in that particular province they are safer from bandits today than they have been for a very long time.

But all the time I was there I had the feeling that 'Be prepared' was in the air. I saw dug-outs in the school grounds; the



Market place of Peipiao, Jehol's chief junction town, showing sacks of raw liquibrice, an important local product.

E. N. A.

school-children were being told what to do if there were air or gas attacks. I suppose one was particularly struck by this because Jehol seemed such a small city hidden away in such large mountains. One day in particular, there was a feeling of great uneasiness and the Japanese women who had come in by the lorry load with the army were hurriedly evacuated. In the barrack hospital of the 7th Cavalry Division, now quartered in the grounds of the Old Palace, I found a poster of a soldier on horseback, and underneath was written: 'It is 30 years since Japan's last great victory, Manchuria-Mongolia'. And last, but not least, everywhere in every direction from Jehol roads and railways are being laid pointing north-west, west and downwards.

America seems to have received with enthusiasm Dr. Adrian Boult, the B.B.C. Music Director, on his first appearance to conduct on that side of the Atlantic. The American Press is full of praise for the first two concerts which he has conducted with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. According to the *Boston Evening Transcript*, the audience at Cambridge, Mass., 'was delighted with the programme (which included Elgar's 2nd Symphony), with the brilliant orchestral playing, with the conductor's manner on the stage, and his way with the music'. Other newspapers declare that Dr. Boult's conducting was all the more effective because of 'its complete lack of obvious showmanship'. 'Dr. Boult is a first-rate conductor', declares the *Boston Globe* (January 12)

'... He is a quietly imposing figure upon the stage, where his extreme height is magnified to gigantic proportions'.

The engagement is announced of Miss Janet Adam Smith, Assistant Editor of *THE LISTENER*, to Mr. Michael Roberts, critic and poet, who has frequently contributed to the columns of *THE LISTENER*.



Industrialised Manchukuo—a compound in an important mining district in Jehol

E. N. A.

particularly bad specimen. He oppressed the people, taxed them out of existence, seized their crops, particularly their opium crops, without payment. It was a rule of terror. Today the people are at least sure that their crops will be paid for; they know what their taxes will be; they are protected by, and not from, the soldiers; their currency is stable; and a great deal



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.I. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Overseas and Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

Life's New Necessary

A RECENT judgment of a German Court of Law bears witness to the rising legal status of wireless sets. They are on their way to being classed as necessities, of which debtors must not be deprived, any more than they may be deprived of the bare essentials of living or of the tools by which they can earn their bread. The German judgment does not rest on the necessity for musical entertainment, but on the importance of talks and news. The Government, which in Germany occupies the 'Nation's Hour', as it is called, with civic instruction and education making for the greater unity of the people, expects to be listened to when it speaks. Moreover, important announcements are made, and since the time of Dr. Brüning's Chancellorship, laws have been promulgated over the air. 'To obtain knowledge on all these matters and to yield himself to the stimulation which they produce is necessary for every member of the nation. A wireless apparatus is, therefore, today a portion of the intellectual requirements of every member of the nation and indispensable to him', says the Court. It is no answer for the angry creditor to say that his debtor can listen in public places, because drinks have to be bought at such centres, and men listen more attentively and are more impressed in their own homes. The judgment is in keeping with the general trend on the Continent towards an ever closer association of Governments with wireless, as broadcasting ceases to be thought of as primarily a form of entertainment.

This new invention has come at a time when the arts of propaganda are being sedulously studied everywhere, and, like the film news-reel interview, it enormously extends the area over which a public man can make a personal impression. Propaganda is a word with an unfortunate flavour about it, and there is no term in equal currency to express the spreading of ideas without implying an indifference to the truth on the part of the spreader. The public man at the microphone in a studio, talking with one particular listener in his mind (as most of the masters of the art do), lacks the support of the massed faces of those who agree with him. Such conditions make for reasonableness on his part,

though perhaps at some expense of fire and life; but it is certainly easy today for quite indolent listeners to have a good idea of what public figures of the day really profess. President Roosevelt's famous fireside broadcasts, for instance, explaining in simple and direct language one or other of the fields of his constructive ability, are triumphs of the intimate use of the wireless. The Governor of Louisiana, Mr. Huey Long, whom many acute observers of the American scene regard as a portent, reminiscent of Andrew Jackson a hundred years ago, and, like him, the western champion of those with little or nothing to lose, is spreading his influence beyond his own State by a confident and highly personal broadcasting technique. Mr. Raymond Swing describes in the *Nation* how he sets about it. 'Hullo, friends, this is Huey Long speaking. And I have some very important revelations to make. But before I begin I want you to do me a favour. I am going to talk along without saying anything special for four or five minutes, just to keep things going. While I'm doing that I want you to go to the telephone and call up five of your friends, and tell them Huey Long is on the air, and has some very important revelations to make'. Thus, says Mr. Swing, 'he builds up an audience. He then can hold it for an hour or even two, weaving a speech of argument and anecdote and special pleading which is entertaining and informative, and quietly eats away any latent prejudice of his listeners'. This is the time-honoured method of the street corner orator, talking away till a crowd gathers, now raised to a higher power. Oratory, which it was plausible to dismiss a few years ago as a waning art, has reasserted itself alike in Europe and America, as a mighty power among men.

But if the wireless can be used to extend the range of influence of strong representative personalities, it also makes very much easier the spread of authentic political information. The new development in the international exchange of impressions, whereby English and American speakers are to speak fortnightly to the nation of the other on recent events as they see them, is a case very much to the point. To misstate the attitude and feelings of a foreign people is immensely easy, and *l'absent a toujours tort*. It is in private argument rather than in responsible public utterance that the views of foreigners are to us habitually wronged, the world over. French, Germans, Russians, Italians, Japanese, their ambitions and desires are conscripted and dressed up to suit the needs of the argument, whatever it may be. Through the wireless nations can hear the real uninterpreted voices of each other. A world whose inhabitants had grown accustomed to hearing everybody explaining himself might well continue to be a world full of antipathies and even enmities, but its passions would be instructed passions. From a wider view than the purely national considerations which preoccupied the German Court of Law, the receiving set can now be recognised as well on the way to graduating with honours among the necessities of civilised life.

Week by Week

THE Committee which has been nursing the project (and the funds) of a National Theatre for a quarter of a century, has decided that the year of the King's Silver Jubilee is the time to launch its final appeal. In a short broadcast the other day Lord Lytton announced what is wanted—£500,000, towards which past efforts have contributed £150,000; and what the Committee proposes to do if successful—'give British drama a worthy home' and 'give Shakespeare a living memorial in the heart of the English-speaking world'. According to Mr. Granville-Barker's published scheme for a National Theatre, this would be effected by a big new repertory theatre in the West End of London, containing possibly two 'houses', and staging forty to fifty plays a year. There would be Shakespeare, of

course—but by no means exclusively. There would be the other Elizabethans, and the dramatists of the Restoration and the eighteenth century; there would occasionally be foreign plays, and new dramatists would be given their chance. The question to consider is whether these functions are already being performed, even though no National Theatre exists in name. The Old Vic, Sadler's Wells and Stratford keep Shakespeare going, though not in smart London. Occasionally an enterprising producer like Mr. Sydney Carroll discovers the possibilities for popularity in our national classics, or a star like Robeson or Gielgud gives Shakespeare a fashionable success. Some stage societies revive minor Elizabethans; others produce new work that would not stand a chance in Shaftesbury Avenue. But even if all these functions were adequately performed all the time there would still, argue its supporters, be a need for a National Theatre, in the same way that even if there were a dozen small churches discharging all the religious services needed in the City of London, there would still be a need for St. Paul's. The question then would be whether this visible symbol of national concern for drama is worth £500,000; and what likelihood there is of getting it. The suggestion has been aired that the Treasury should make a grant out of the proportion it receives of wireless licence fees—a principle recently discussed in Czechoslovakia, where a Bill was introduced to enable the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs to pay a certain percentage of its licence money into a reserve fund for theatres run at a loss. It seems to us that the question on which the fate of the appeal may turn is what the proposed theatre can offer to people out of London. It has been suggested that to be truly national it need have no settled home: the D'Oyley Carte is a national institution, yet it is always on the move. But this analogy is false for the reason that the D'Oyley Carte is always doing the same thing, while the success of a National Theatre Company would depend largely on its new productions, for which a settled base would be a necessity. Granted this, however, an essential part of its policy should surely be to send out companies frequently to tour the provinces and give them all the advantages, in the way of training, tradition, research, etc., that a National Theatre with a settled base in the heart of London would make possible.

* * *

The Home Secretary has announced that a committee will inquire into the question of coroners' inquests. Many people

feel that the issue is prejudged if suspicion for a mysterious death points to someone who cannot be completely cleared at the inquest, simply because he or she is not being tried. The extreme publicity which now attends on any sensational inquest must undoubtedly spread through the country general impressions which prevent subsequent criminal proceedings from starting, as the law intends them to start, in an absolutely fresh and unvitiated atmosphere. This school of thought suggests that coroners ought to have their wings clipped, or, more precisely, their speech pruned, and urges that the police, with their wide powers of inquiry, are not in fact helped by such facts as a persistent coroner may drag from witnesses, but are rather hindered by a premature, ill-equipped and imperfect examination at so early a stage. To these complaints it may be answered that coroners do in fact work very closely in conjunction with the police in investigating suspicious deaths, and that the necessity for inquests is fully proved. Because they used to be much more necessary in the more dangerous past does not mean that they are not necessary today. If it be granted that a coroner is to have power to reach a verdict, he must also have power to question those who can throw light on the circumstances attending the death; and if he is to question and the circumstances are in fact suspicious, his questions will inevitably be pointed. The present state of the law limits newspapers so severely during the preliminary stages of a trial that it is hardly surprising if they make the most of Court proceedings and play up coroners' inquests, knowing that either they have the curtain-raiser to an exciting trial, or conversely, that the coroner's inquest is the whole of the play. Where there is perhaps room for alteration is partly in bringing the procedure at an inquest more closely into line with that before a magistrate in such matters as the taking of evidence, and partly in a revision of the geographical distribution of coroners' jurisdiction. In many places coroners, who are (happily) very much part-time officials, find themselves through the chance of a mysterious death taking place in their little territory lifted for the moment into a position of national eminence. In large centres coroners are more nearly professionals with professional discretion. There is no need to suggest that coroners should go on circuit, or come down from London like members of the C.I.D., but arrangements might be made regionally which would secure more patently professional direction for inquests which seem likely to become front-page news stories.

The Rt. Hon. J. H. Whitley

The following tribute to the late Chairman of the B.B.C. was broadcast by the Director-General on Sunday evening, February 3

ON January 16 the Governors of the B.B.C. signed their Annual Report to Parliament for 1934. The first signature was that of the Rt. Hon. J. H. Whitley, our Chairman. It is of him we speak now. From time to time we intimate the passing of such personalities as, in the words of Ecclesiasticus, did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, leaders of the people, honoured in their generations—such was he.

When Mr. Whitley came to us in 1930 there were already long years of public service—seven in the Council of his native Halifax, twenty-eight in the House of Commons. For three years he was a Lord of the Treasury, for ten Chairman of Ways and Means, for the last seven he was the honoured Mr. Speaker. He presided over Houses which saw the concluding stages of the Great War Coalition, the Conservative Governments of 1922 and 1924, and the first Labour Government of 1924. In 1928 he retired from this onerous post, declining the peerage which by tradition the Sovereign was prepared to confer. Next year he undertook the Chairmanship of the Royal Commission on Labour in India and his Report is one of the classic documents of Indian progress. Of all this, of his Presidency of Clifton and of the National

Council for Social Service, and of Whitleyism and the Councils bearing his name, another may speak on Thursday. He came to us by no means willingly, for his service had already been long and arduous; he had hoped to spend his remaining years largely in foreign travel. Whatever he may have lost in this respect, he and we gained far more. He, because, in his own words, he was so very happy, so privileged at the end of his career to have had the inspirations and interests of this service; we, because he was all to us that a Chairman could be.

To an immense enthusiasm for the work were joined the decision and strength, the calm and impartial judgment of a statesman and man of affairs. For all this, for the Christian and absolute integrity of his character and for his kindness, we bear him high, very high, in honour and in love.

Hail and farewell. The laurels with the dust
Are levelled, but thou hast thy surer crown,
Peace, and immortal calm, the victory won.
Somewhere serene thy watchful power inspires;
Thou art a living purpose, being dead,
A fruit of nobleness in lesser lives,
A guardian and a guide; hail and farewell.

Quid quæris quamdiu vixit. Vixit ad posteros—which for us means that in Broadcasting House and in the broadcasting service, he lives and will live.

J. C. W. R.

Freedom and Authority in the Modern World

War—The Opportunity for Mass Propaganda

By C. R. M. F. CRUTTWELL

THE Great War was undoubtedly the most shattering experience ever undergone by civilised man; and, of course, the higher a civilisation is, the more fully developed also is the nervous system of its members. It has a greater capacity for suffering.

Never before had such enormous masses been thrown into battle with so short a preparation for that supreme experience. In a country like France the mobilised manhood amounted to more than 15 per cent. of the total population, and in many other countries fell not far short of that total. The losses in battle far exceeded those recorded in any other war in history. Moreover, such modern inventions as long-range artillery and aerial bombing ensured that the soldier would have but few chances of relaxing his nerves and rebuilding his personality in security from the imminent risk of death or wounds. His ordeal was not confined, as in early times, to the comparatively rare incidents of the day of battle. The bow was constantly stretched tight. He was continually subject to both discipline and danger.

Civilian War Strain

The impression therefore upon the fighting man was tremendous. But this grinding and implacable war of nations trembled no less uniquely, as we all know, upon the civil population. The dislocation of life was very great, privations everywhere increased in proportion as they could be less easily borne. Among the Central Powers at least hundreds of thousands perished as a result of the blockade through undernourishment, tuberculosis and other attendant diseases. The culmination of the influenza plague in 1918-1919 swept away many enfeebled millions.

Moreover, the facility of modern communications itself enormously increased the strain upon the spirit. The civilian was turned by the telegraph into a kind of unseen spectator of the long-drawn battles, swaying to and fro in fear and hope as he followed their movements two or three times a day in the official reports and newspaper accounts. All those who lived through the War will acknowledge that these and many other general factors, which there is no time to dwell upon, produced inevitably a kind of morbid and pathological psychology among nations; wounds which it would take much time and repose to cure.

We will now proceed to analyse more exactly those factors in the War which were directly inimical to democracy. It increased enormously the power of the State. It reduced everywhere, if it did not kill, the effectiveness of representative government. In democratic countries like Great Britain and France it produced the so-called *union sacrée* of parties, which meant that effective criticism of the executive was destroyed, through patriotic fear of hampering its actions. In others, like Austria-Hungary and Russia, it meant the complete freeing of the executive from any control of the most elementary character. Moreover, the all-embracing character of the War inevitably led everywhere, though in various degrees, to the imposition of new regulations, the creation of new crimes, the surveillance of every individual by the military and police, which amounted to a vast curtailment of personal liberty, and in some countries and in many areas within the war-zone to its almost complete suppression. As the War went on a tremendous system of State Socialism, autocratically imposed, took over more and more areas of economic life into the direct control of the State and interfered ruthlessly with all freedom of contract. In short, the War was a revelation of the immense, almost unlimited, capacity of the State to transform swiftly the whole life of a delicately and complicatedly organised society.

The Triumph of Mob Psychology

Moreover, war is the great opportunity for the triumph of mob psychology, for the substitution *en masse* of passion for reason. The sustained and driving enthusiasm necessary for the conduct of modern war cannot be maintained in the comparatively pure form which it exhibited at its outbreak. It is a

fire which requires continually to be stoked by hatred. Hatred is, in fact, the best substitute for action. It was common knowledge that hatred of the enemy was far more intense and indiscriminate among civilians of all countries than among soldiers. The stimulation of fear and hatred was, therefore, necessarily one of the chief weapons of politicians and the Press. Hatred demands an object, and a more immediate one than enemies you cannot reach. It was therefore transferred everywhere both to resident enemy aliens and to all those fellow-citizens who either disapproved of the War, who criticised its conduct or sought to end it. Hatred, therefore, treats all opponents as factions, that is to say as properly to be answered not by argument but by suppression. In consequence the War enormously accentuated that natural bias towards intolerance which is, I fear, latent in every one of us. Consequently, whereas the persecution of minorities had been gradually growing out of fashion before the War, except in Russia and Turkey, it now received a most potent revival and was countenanced, if not strictly enjoined, by the State. This ruthless intolerance which calls in force instead of reason to settle differences of opinion is perhaps the most sinister legacy of the War. It is, moreover, a legacy whose capital seems to be constantly increasing in many countries. Now it is obvious that the greatest enemy of armed intolerance is truth. But it is quite impossible to tell the truth in modern war. To practise a rigid economy in truth is necessary, both because the nerves of the people could not bear the full truth, and also because its knowledge would be of vital importance to the enemy. To take a single instance. If the British people had been told at the end of April, 1917, that nearly a million tons of shipping had been sunk that month, that there was barely a month's supply of wheat in the country, and that the Admiralty could think of no effective remedy, such a communication would have been merely equivalent to signing a capitulation with Germany.

'War Means the Assassination of Truth'

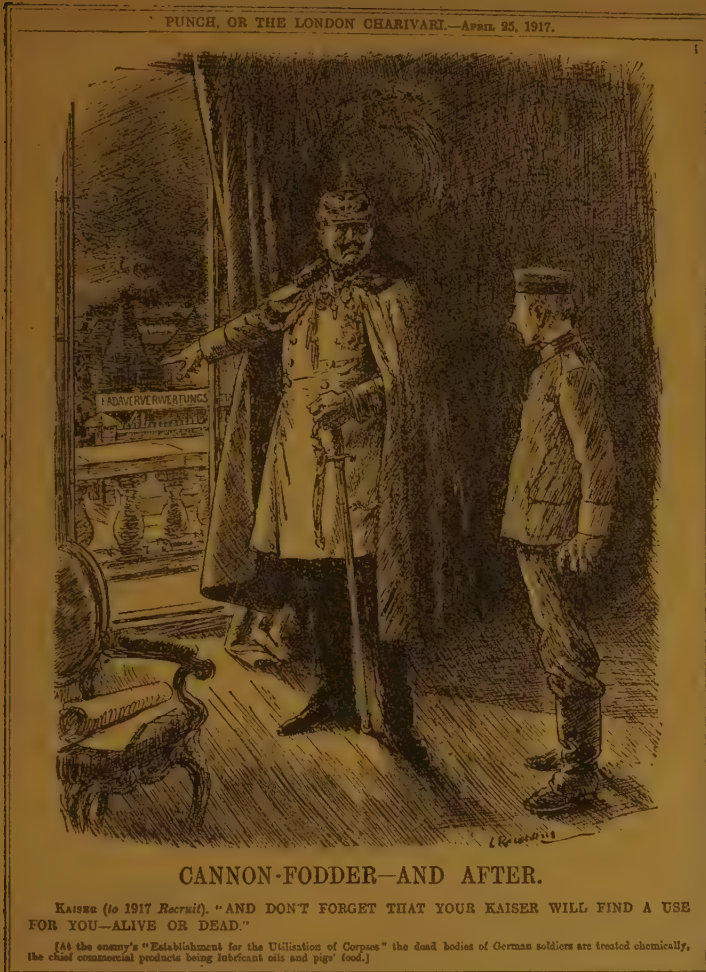
No one, therefore, can complain if the people in war-time are fed upon the most thinly diluted milk of truth. But when the Danish Socialist Brandes said in a terrible sentence 'the War means the assassination of truth' he was presenting a more powerful indictment. He meant that those in authority deliberately destroyed truth and substituted lies for it. Nor can it be denied that a great deal of what was called 'propaganda' in every country aimed at creating a false impression, even if it did not deliberately falsify facts. And the success of the propaganda was largely due to the passionate desire of the people to believe that what they hoped would happen was in fact happening. Propaganda was often a desired drug to create escape from reality. As it was written by Jeremiah, 'The prophets prophesy falsely, and my people love to have it so'.

The War, therefore, gave rulers an unrivalled opportunity of experimenting in, and perfecting the technique of, mass propaganda. How successfully they learnt their lesson may be gathered by the astonishing success of many present-day masters of the art.

It is clear that any government which has once got the Press under its power, and can thus create its own atmosphere of truth, is never likely willingly to give up this power. It will cling to it, not merely because it greatly simplifies the task of despotism—'Anyone', said Cavour, 'can govern in a state of siege'—but from the instinct of self-preservation. Any government which allows itself to be unmasked as a systematic deceiver is lost. Such was the fate which overtook the German autocracy in October, 1918, when it was stripped naked.

Although the drudgery of war is done by anonymous and herded masses, the people in distress tend invariably to exalt individual personalities into heroic proportions. In Germany Hindenburg was revered almost as a god. Even in countries with long democratic traditions like Great Britain and France the eyes of all were turned towards Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Foch as saviours to a degree unparalleled in normal times. The War therefore tended to increase and define

Propaganda in the Great War



Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of 'Punch'.
Punch's 1917 cartoon gave publicity to the German 'corpse-factory' myth, which was officially repudiated in Parliament after the War



From 'Secrets of Crewe House', by Sir Campbell Stuart (Hodder & Stoughton)
Germany struck a medal in 'dishonour' of Lord Northcliffe, the chief director of British War Propaganda



This photo, taken by Mr. F. J. Mortimer, F.R.P.S., of the sinking of the *Arden Craig* off the Scilly Isles in 1911, was reproduced by a popular illustrated weekly in 1917 to illustrate 'a windjammer torpedoed off the English coast by the criminally indiscriminate U-Boat pirates'



German cartoon from *Simplicissimus* showing 'a typical British middle-class family occupying its evenings with making dum-dum bullets'



Planet News



Kriegsmuseum

The photograph above appeared in 1914 in a German paper with the inscription 'Pillage and demolition of the Saarburg branch of the Reichsbank by French Troops'. In a French paper it was reproduced as an engraving (below) with the title 'Bank pillaged by the Germans'

more sharply the distinction between rulers and ruled within the State and to create new hierarchies. It also concentrated the idea of power upon despotic individuals rather than upon committees open to the criticism, if not the complete control of the legislature.

Now it might have been expected (and indeed was expected in many quarters) that the end of the War would bring a reaction proportionate to the strain endured, and that all the tendencies of the War period would have been immediately reversed. And in a sense this is true. But curiously enough the revolt against the War finally led to the adoption in many countries of exaggerated war remedies. The revulsion against discipline which followed the War was itself exceedingly unfavourable to the recapture of democratic government. Democracy in fact demands a rigid self-discipline, and a revolt against discipline imposed from without very seldom brings self-discipline in its train.

Indeed the peoples were so exhausted and disillusioned that even in the victorious countries they had very little energy to work out their own salvation. They naturally demanded and expected a vast improvement in the standards of life, 'a land for heroes to dwell in', and the more impatiently they demanded it, the more unwilling they were to achieve it through the old slow methods of constitutional government.

Disillusionment and Impatience

A general enemy of liberty therefore in all countries, victorious or defeated, was disillusionment and impatience. These qualities themselves tended to increase the immense economic dislocation which followed everywhere the attempted transfer from war to peace production. And the greater the dislocation, the more urgent the clamour that it should be remedied not by the slow process of 'economic laws' but by

the power of the State. The power of the State when called in could act only by the crude bludgeon method of economic nationalism, and thus confusion grew worse confounded. Even, as I say, among the victors this vicious progress was a great enemy to liberty. How much more were all those tendencies exaggerated in the camp of the defeated? Instead of disillusionment there was despair intensified by a deep conviction of injustice.

Even in a time of profound peace an agreed settlement to shift so many frontier posts, to create so many new States, to transfer such quantities of wealth, must have caused an intense economic disturbance. Such a forcible rearrangement of an exhausted Europe, attended by coercion and civil war in 1919-1920, was bound to create conditions which seemed absolutely insoluble by the slow process of representative government. We can add that all the new States created out of the anarchy of Central and Eastern Europe had been founded on the principle of nationality and yet almost inevitably contained irreconcilable minorities. They had therefore to struggle against bankruptcy, hunger, the hostility of their neighbours, and the hatred of a section of their own inhabitants at one and the same time.

Was it not therefore inevitable that the only faint hope of salvation should appear to lie in the exercise of an uncontrolled centralised despotism wielded by a single person, who could concentrate power in himself and combine continuity of policy with swiftness of performance?

Liberty is only possible in order, sustained by a confidence, which itself is the child of security. Security is, of course, never absolute—it is always relative. It must, however, at least mean a reasonable chance of peace abroad and harmony at home. These conditions have been entirely absent from most of the European States since the War.

A Valentine Factory in 1874



Until February 13, Londoners have an opportunity of seeing at the Medici Society Galleries (Grafton Street) a remarkable exhibition of Valentines, formerly collected by Mr. Tuer, and since then arranged and preserved by Dr. John Johnson, of the Oxford University Press. In this Exhibition the visitor can trace the origin and rise of the Valentine card early in the nineteenth century as a way of celebrating the traditional custom of giving presents on February 14, which dates right back to Roman times. The first Valentines were most delicate and artistic products, mainly made by hand from a great variety of materials, such as rice paper, satin, silk, shells, seaweed, dried flowers, and tinsel. Gradually they became more elaborate through the mid-Victorian period, and at the same time degenerated in tastefulness and artistry as mechanical manufacture superseded handwork. By the end of the century, Valentines were factory-made, ornate and tasteless. They then suffered a rapid decline, but persisted even to the present day and now tend to revive, as some excellent modern examples in the Exhibition indicate. Another type of Valentine of special interest in the Exhibition is the satirical, nearly always accompanied by verses of extremely low poetic merit. Trades and handicrafts, popular figures, and so forth, are often caricatured on these cards, which throw an amusing sidelight on the fashions and social habits of the day

The Heyday of the Valentine

Examples from the Exhibition now on view at the Medici Galleries; Grafton Street

A garden of flowers I send to my fair,
The little bird Cupid shall find in the air,
His language he carries, will tell you my tale,
His eloquence such as I hope may prevail.



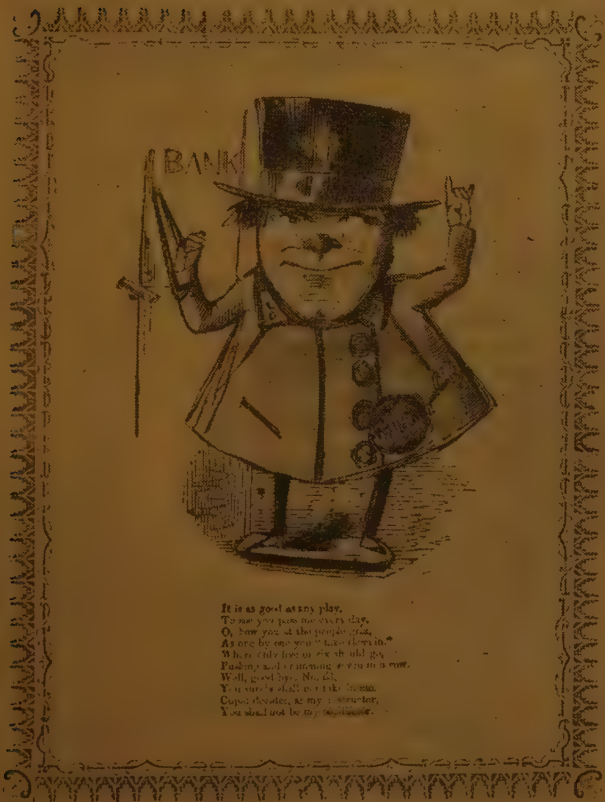
I wish he had played should, I wish he would
My sight and this time to plain would reveal,
If you of his arrows should not be smitten --
No one you will not except smiling you, that
Your heart when thus wounded is given, I would give
And bid you with pleasure my dear Valentin.

Early type of Valentine (c. 1820-30)



72 March 1839
19
Do you think most of fashion's hats, miss?
The Hatter will use his endeavours to please
For the girls he has hats all adorned, to wear
Just bunches of beads, do not off the face
A poor creature, they say in the new mode
He is himself perfectly for convenience sake

Valentine for a Hatter (1831)



It is as good as any play,
To see you pass me every day,
O, how you do the people ride,
As one by one you "Lads" do ride,
When only two or three should go,
Pushing and crowding even in a row,
Well, good-bye, then, to
You shall be a little more
Cupid's double, as my conductor,
You shall not be my opponent.

Valentine with satirical verses for a Bus-conductor (c. 1860-70)



Valentine of the Ornate Period (1860-70)

*Economics of the Week**Births and Business*

By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

JUST now the news is full of economic happenings, of political interventions in the economic sphere, of new and still newer deals in the United States, in this country, and elsewhere; of schemes for reviving distressed areas or reducing unemployment by shortening hours; of plans for making more roads or houses or fewer ships or hops or herrings. I might talk about any of those things. I hope you will not be disappointed if at the moment I look at none of them, but turn to something that is not political at all, and as to which some of you may question whether it is even economic. I am going to begin this series of talks at the beginning of all of us, at the question of births and the birth-rate. The Registrar-General has reported that his provisional figures for 1934 showed, for practically the first time since 1920, an appreciable rise in the birth-rate on the year before. The births in 1933 had been 14.4 per thousand of the population, in 1934 they were 14.8; the birth-rate has risen .4.

What does this mean? It means in the first place that about 20,000 more babies were born in 1934 than in 1933. Social statistics are not metaphysical abstractions. They are real life summarised—so many people being born, marrying, dying, so many unemployed or employed, earning such and such wages. So many living one, two, three or whatever it may be in a room. What the Registrar-General calls .4, is 20,000 babies, sleeping, screaming, smiling, delighting and worrying their parents. But it isn't their parents only, or grandparents, who are interested in .4. Quite a number of journalists and others found the news interesting and telephoned to me (or some other reputed statistician) to ask our opinions. The interest of a rise in the birth-rate just now is that it is such a change from what has been happening before. The birth-rate has been falling, not merely since 1920, but, with ups and downs for war and special circumstances, for many, many years. And it has now got to a point where the people in this country are not replacing themselves. If the number of births in relation to the number of people that could have children were to remain indefinitely at the present point, then ultimately the people of this country would die out. That would happen, irrespective of anything in reason that can happen to the death-rate. That isn't a speculation; it's a certainty.

In making what may appear an alarming statement, I want at once to qualify it in many ways. First, there is no early prospect of the disappearance of the British race any more than there is an early prospect of the sun getting so cold that life becomes extinct in all its planets. On the present balance of births and deaths, the population of this country will begin to decline in the next ten years or so, but thirty years hence it will be within one or two millions of its present figure. Very few of us will notice the difference if we are alive then, there will be just as many or more people trying to crowd into our 'bus or favourite cinema. Second, no-one can say what are the chances of the birth-rate remaining as at present, or going lower, or rising again. There is plenty of time for a reversal of the present tendency long before this country begins to feel empty, and the reversal might come at any time. All that one can say is that unless a reversal of the recent tendency of the birth-rate—a substantial permanent reversal—does come some time, the population will die out, also some time—a long time off.

You see from this why the problem of the birth-rate is so interesting. Does the Registrar-General's statement suggest a substantial permanent reversal of the declining tendency of births? My answer to that question is that it would be very rash to assume that this bit of news means anything of the sort. One can't build anything on the movement of a single year. We have a Department at the School of Economics called the Department of Social Biology, which spends a good deal of time in studying this particular problem. I asked the people there what they thought of the Registrar-General's news. They told me that the change was not just a statistical accident, but was a real change of fertility; there were actually

more births in relation to the number of potential mothers in the country; except for the War, it is a bigger upward change than has happened for forty years. But it is not nearly enough to bring us back to the point where population would cease to decline, and it is probably due to special, quite temporary, causes. This rise in the birth-rate in 1934 followed on an increase of marriages. In the twelve months ending April, 1934, there was a surprising increase of marriages—43,000 more than in the twelve months before that. These 43,000 new marriages in 1933 is the most likely chief cause of the rise of births in 1934, but one can't say this for certain.

If we go on and ask: 'Why were there so many more marriages in the twelve months ending last April?', part at least of that answer seems equally clear. In this country, ever since we came to recognise the existence of a trade cycle of booms and depressions, marriages have gone up and down with the movement of the trade cycle, have fallen off in bad times and increased in good times. There had been a great drop in marriages in the last year of the recent depression—1932. During 1933 trade and unemployment became better. An increase of marriages therefore in 1933 was just what one would have expected, and it came.

If trade goes on improving, marriages may continue to increase a little, and births also may rise for a time without any permanent reversal of the downward tendency of the last generation. It doesn't follow that the additional families begun in 1934 will in the end be larger than those just before or large enough to keep up our numbers. The Registrar-General's news is interesting, but doesn't prove anything—yet.

You can see that this news does have an economic side. To me it suggests also that when, perhaps a generation hence, the various governments of the world begin to pay serious attention to the problem of declining population, they will find that the possibility of preventing ultimate disappearance of their peoples depends on the kind of world that they can make for people to live in.

Scotland's Winter

Now the ice lays its smooth claws on the sill,
The sun looks from the hill
Helled in his winter casket,
And sweeps his arctic sword across the sky.
The water at the mill
Sounds more hoarse and dull.
The miller's daughter walking by
With frozen fingers soldered to her basket
Seems to be knocking
Upon a hundred leagues of floor
With her light heels and mocking
Percy and Douglas dead,
And Bruce on his burial bed,
Where he lies white as may
With wars and leprosy,
And all the kings before
This land was kingless,
And all the singers before
This land was songless,
This land that with its dead and living waits the Judgment
Day.
But they, the powerless dead,
Listening can hear no more
Than a hard tapping on the sounding floor
A little overhead
Of common heels that do not know
Whence they come or where they go
And are content
With their poor frozen life and shallow banishment.

EDWIN MUIR

Youth Looks Ahead

The Open Problem

By R. H. S. CROSSMAN

I MUST warn you that in spite of being a Socialist under thirty, I don't see a New Jerusalem round the corner. I am more interested in finding out how on earth we got into the mess we are in, and trying to put a few of the worst parts of it straight. Now, if you have got a job to do, it is better to have a look at your materials and your tools first, so before I look ahead, I am going to look around me and ask: 'If we want to cure unemployment and prevent war, how are we going to get the man-power to do it with?' My job is teaching political philosophy in Oxford, so I am specially interested in this. What sort of education ought we to provide if we want (as we all of us, whether Conservative, Liberal, or Socialist, want) to cure unemployment and prevent war? It is the schools and universities, not the political parties, which provide the man-power for political action; and that is a colossal responsibility, but it is ultimately you who decide what is taught there, so it is partly your responsibility, too.

A Pretty Safe History

I think the best way I can tell you how some of our man-power is at present produced is by describing to you quite shortly my own education. I was brought up in a house with a big garden in Epping Forest. My father was a barrister and had a certain amount of private income, but I was the third of six so I had to get a scholarship. When I was eight I went to a Prep. school in order to cram Latin and Greek and get into Winchester College. At twelve I got that scholarship, and after that I was safe for life. At eighteen I went up to New College, Oxford, with a scholarship, a good knowledge of Greek and Latin, and very little else. When I was twenty-two I did my final exams. and was elected to a Fellowship. Since then, apart from a year in Germany, I have been teaching philosophy, quite often to my elders and betters.

You see that is a pretty safe life history—almost as safe as going into your father's business or regiment, or even inheriting your father's estate. I have never known what insecurity meant, and, if I had, the old school tie would probably see me through. I haven't got any capital worth speaking of, but unless the existing system breaks down, or I behave thoroughly unrespectably—become a Communist, or start putting the New Testament into practice—I'm safe for life with a nice, if moderate, income.

Before the War—and Now

But the queer thing is I don't feel safe. That is perhaps the most distinctive thing about my generation. We have inherited a tradition, a sort of culture, and a way of life which before the War seemed unquestionably the best, the most solid, perhaps the most Christian in the world. It was the right life and everyone thought so, those who had it and those who hadn't but wanted their children to have it. Most social reformers then wanted to extend to all the people in the country the privileges, the morality, even strangely enough the education of the class into which I had the good or ill fortune to be born. That was the ideal: people differed about the way of doing it, but no one except a few great prophets like H. G. Wells foresaw you couldn't do such a thing, because the way of life of the professional classes can only continue to exist upon the basis of a working class excluded from our privileges. Before the War you could still honestly believe in raising the standard of the working classes and of the native peoples of our Empire, and at the same time leaving people like me and my family to enjoy the good things we had come to claim as our natural right. Now you can't.

I should like to tell you of three trivial incidents in my life which brought this home to me. The first happened in the General Strike. I was at school then, and you can imagine what sort of view of the strike we had been given there. On the last day an Old Boy who had been working in the docks at Southampton met me on the playing field and shouted out,

'We've broken the Bolshies: my God! we had a marvellous time'. That was the first shock to my complacency. A man of twenty-three who had learnt public school standards of fair play and service to the nation could pat himself on the back for smashing the trades unions, and believe their leaders to be wicked Bolshies. All the old school ties in 1926 and 1931 rallied to the defence of England against the 'Bolshies', who happened to be some millions of their fellow-Englishmen. And yet it was at my public school that I was told the Class Struggle doesn't exist. How is that possible? Just because no one at a public school, master or boy, knows what a trades union is, and their idea of a strike is taken from the national press and national history books. Public schools are earthly paradises far removed from the conflicts of real life where boys are moulded to think of the nation and the national interest as opposed to Socialism, trades unionism, and the working class movement. For public school men the interests of the working classes are, of course, not *national* interests at all. But you can't be sure that young men will rally to the cause in this way unless you can insure they have no knowledge of the other side. It's only because they know nothing of the working class movement that they are convinced that Conservatives, or, if you like the modern word, National Governments, always put Country before Party, and that Socialists are always unpatriotic, extravagant, and cranky. But this, in fact, is the simple, straightforward political creed of the public school product I have to teach at Oxford.

Advocates of 'Muddling Through'

The second of my three incidents happened to me when I was living in Germany. I was talking to a young German Socialist (I don't know what has become of him now: he was so decent, he must have gone under). We were discussing the Great War. Suddenly he leant across to me and said, 'D'you know why there'll be no Socialism in England for twenty years? Because you won the War. And what was the result? All the outworn customs, the out-of-date institutions, the pre-War politicians are sitting back and saying to you, "We won the War for you: you can't change us: we've justified ourselves". In 1919 someone talked of making England "a Land Fit for Heroes to Live in". But it needs a different sort of person to build the New Jerusalem from the leaders who sat in London while your young men helped to kill two million Germans. The old gang have dug themselves in, and they'll stay there cluttering up Whitehall: and if ever you criticise them they'll say, "Aha! It was our old English way of muddling through which won the War, and it's that same way of muddling through which is winning the Peace, not your new-fangled ideas!"'

The third incident was in 1931. I was just back from Germany, prepared to settle down as a Don. Then came the General Election and the Post Office Savings scare. That night I was sitting next to an elderly Professor in the dining-hall and he said to me: 'I was in doubts up till now how to vote, but this has finally convinced me the Labour Government are swindlers'. I began to wonder then if there weren't something radically wrong with our educational system! A device invented to secure the vote of the ignorant electorate had taken in a highly trained mind in a university which claims to be one of the focal points of English learning. The reason is simple. That mind and that educational system grew up at a time when our present economic and political system was thought to be self-evidently right. The reformer might improve its detail: its basic principles were unquestioned. So my friend the Professor and our educational system have both excluded the examination of these principles from their attention. Education today is non-political in the sense that it assumes the eternal rightness of the existing order. To state facts objectively which open people's eyes to the seamy side of English life is considered propaganda. But facts which hide that seamy side are called non-political education. The result of this is my friend the Professor. He is the model of objectivity when studying abstruse

problems of philosophy; but when it comes to registering his vote he behaves rather worse than an uneducated man. He reacts to a slogan as thoughtlessly as the rest; the only difference is that he thinks that because he is educated his opinions on politics must be immeasurably superior to those of Bill Jones the coal miner.

Where Bill Jones Can Beat the Professor

But in fact Bill Jones has a far sounder political education than the highly educated Professor. His experience of strikes and lock-outs has taught him how politics work. He sees them as a struggle of interests and forces; politics mean work or no work for him. But the Professor knows them only from the history book of his public school, where nation struggles gallantly against nation, political parties exhale ideals and aspirations, and one side is always good—the other a villain. Bill Jones knows the ideals are mostly eye-wash, the aspirations mostly financial, and that neither side in any political conflict is out for justice, but for its own interests. The Professor's intentions are impeccable. He thinks swindlers ought not to rule us: his difficulty is he can't spot a swindler when he sees one.

Well, it is a sort of impressionist sketch of my own education and the way I came to wonder whether it was wholly satisfactory. Don't misunderstand me. I am not criticising it as an intellectual training. I am simply asking whether it produced men and women who could be mobilised to fight unemployment and the threat of war: in other words, responsible democratic citizens. Some of you may be thinking: 'Aha! we ought to abolish public schools and send them all to elementary and secondary schools'. I am afraid I don't believe that. In my experience boys from secondary schools are just the same, with this added disadvantage, that because they are hard up they can't risk thinking outside their own subject: and they can't risk being suspected of cranky ideas. Their whole struggle is to become as good as public school boys, just as the whole trend in secondary education is towards imitation of the public schools. We are giving people all sorts of fine ideas, democracy, patriotism, civil liberty, progress, just like the Professor and the Old Boy who had such a marvellous time smashing the General Strike. We stuff their heads full of these fine ideas: and never teach them to enquire how far democracy, civil liberty, Christianity, or progress are actually to be found in the system it is their job to defend. So they just consider it bad form to make enquiries, and think that anyone who does that sort of thing is a Bolshie who wants to bust England up. In fact our schools are busy making the youth of our middle classes blind defenders of the modern anarchy and carefully closing their eyes to the grim facts of financial smash and grab behind the liberty and fraternity they are taught about at school.

Wholesale Reform of Education Needed

I believe that if we are going to avoid an unholy smash we have got to reform our education from top to bottom. It was all right to teach blind loyalty to tradition before the War when things were working fairly well. Now we have got to take our courage in both our hands and show the young people of our country what a mess the world is in. You have got to do that simply because every year more and more of them refuse to swallow an unreasoning devotion to a system that offers them security and social position provided they turn a blind eye to its defects. You probably read in your papers every now and then about political rows in Oxford, attacks on the O.T.C., the banning of Communist Clubs, and so on. They are all signs of the times. There are lots of young men and women today who do passionately want to know what they ought to do, and won't accept the old catch-words as an answer. The tragedy is, so few of their teachers can help them to find out.

Some of you may be thinking, 'Yes, that is all very well, but

what are you going to do about it?' I will try and explain. First of all, I don't think you will ever get a satisfactory school system until you have made incomes far more equal than they are at present. It is inevitable now that education should be looked upon as a way of getting on, going up one step in the social ladder. Put it bluntly. Secondary education means for the ordinary boy a higher income, a black coat, and respectability. But it is a very definite part of respectability to believe in all the nice ideas I described. Give a boy a secondary education, and generally he will vote National and lose his contact with the manual workers. That is why as a person interested in education, I believe in Socialism. People won't be able really to believe in those ideals, and not simply put them on with their black coat, till they have nothing to gain in the way of social and economic advance by believing in them. Today it is only the upper middle class who can afford to take the risk of really criticising existing institutions. Democracy means people thinking independently, and you won't get that until you have eliminated the economic risk of thinking for yourself.

But that is only a distant ideal. The immediate problem is, 'How are you going to bring home to the steadily increasing number of people who get a secondary education their political responsibility?' Well, the first thing I would say is you have got to begin in the schools—you have got to get people *young*. Whenever that is suggested someone always gets up and says, 'Oh! you can't put anything controversial to boys. Give them education in citizenship by all means—but leave all controversial subjects out'. Now the result of our trying to do that is the Old Boy who found it so marvellous smashing the General Strike. Today there is no part of citizenship or private morality which is not controversial. The old social order is perishing, and we have up till now found nothing to put in its place. The old orthodox church-going Christianity is dying: we have not found the new. The old attitude to sex and marriage is crumbling—the new solution is undiscovered. The old system of free economic competition is smashed: we are groping for substitutes. There is no simple principle which still stands unquestioned, and if education is to fit young people for the problems of the future, it must admit all this. Just because our society is no longer secure, there can be no education in citizenship which is non-controversial.

Citizenship Must Be Taught as a Problem

I mean that citizenship must be taught as a problem. We must tell our children openly that we do not know what his duties are: we must not teach nationalist history or communist history, or League of Nations history. We must teach it as an open problem. We must bring up our children to know that we do not know, and that their job is not to accept, but to find out. And it is the same with religion—we have got to admit that the orthodox respectable Christianity has broken down. We have got to show this to our children, and say to them, 'There is the New Testament: here is the modern anarchy which is the result of one interpretation of it. Find for yourselves a better one'.

I believe that unless we introduce teaching of this sort in our public and secondary schools we cannot preserve democracy. It is already starting in our universities; there is free discussion there. And the result is not to produce Communists, but intelligent Conservatives, intelligent Liberals, and intelligent Socialists. What we have got to get rid of is the idea that the only people fit to be schoolmasters are 'sound, steady chaps'. We need 'sound, steady chaps' in our schools, but we also need adventurous rebels. They are often the best school-masters.

I heard the other day of a parent writing to ask that his boy should not go into a certain form at school because the master was a Socialist. Isn't that an amazingly unadventurous spirit? I heard of a Worker's Educational Class which complained that its tutor was a Conservative. That is just as unadventurous, and stupid too. Any Government which believes in democracy

has got to see to it that history and economics and citizenship are taught in the schools by live teachers from every Party.

And one thing more. We have got to try to break down the class distinctions in schools. I should like to see attendance at the elementary schools made compulsory for everybody; that would stop the amazing system under which anyone with a few thousand pounds can buy a preparatory school and do whatever he likes with it. And I should like to see it made compulsory for every public school to have a high percentage of State scholars. It might decrease the amount of time spent on Latin and Greek, but it would be a great step towards demo-

cracy: and I think democracy is worth more than Latin prose. These suggestions are all perfectly practicable: they could be carried through within two years, and the results would be enormous. The present programmes and controversies of the political Parties can only go on because the electorate who votes for them is ignorant and uninterested. You would get a Conservative Party which was really trying to preserve the fine things of today, not the vanished glories of 1900. And you would get a Labour Party composed not of trades unionists and middle-class sentimentalists, but of Socialists who knew what they meant by Socialism.

A Road Wrangle

A 'Conversation in a Train' between a Pedestrian, a Motorist, a Pedal Cyclist, a Pram-Pusher and a Vanman

Written by ROSE MACAULAY

PEDESTRIAN: You trod on my foot.

MOTORIST (*getting hurriedly in and tumbling over people's feet, as train starts*): Sorry, madam. Sorry to jostle you.

Only just caught it. Clumsy. These trains—one's not used to them. Starting sharp on time like this and not waiting for anyone—doesn't give a man a chance, if he's used to getting about in a car, as we all are nowadays.

CYCLIST (*C.T.C. badge, arm in sling, face in sticking plaster*): Ho. Are we? And might one hask why we aren't getting about in our car today?

MOTORIST: Certainly, sir. I was run into by a cyclist last night and got a wing buckled.

CYCLIST: Ho, indeed. And what did the cyclist get?

MOTORIST: No harm, that I know of. I didn't realise that we had been in serious contact until I was some way on and saw the state of my near rear wing.

CYCLIST: Ho, you filed to stop, did you, as they sy in the police messages? Left the chap that had the cheek to be riding a cycle lying dead in the road, I dessay.

MOTORIST: Well, I don't think so.

PEDESTRIAN: Really, the roads have become quite impossible, with all this dreadful quick traffic.

PRAM-PUSHER: That's right. And not only the roads, neither. I'm sure I

scarcely dare push the pram along the pavement, with all these 'buses and cars and vans leavin' the road and runnin' after us there. It's a fair disgyrce. Lily, tyke yer thumbs outer yer mouth, yer naughty girl.

MOTORIST (*to Cyclist*): There's no call to be offensive, sir.

I've told you; I have no reason to believe that the cyclist was injured.

CYCLIST: Well, I'll tell you something. I was knocked down outside Surbiton at 8 o'clock last night by a ruddy car overtaking me and barging right into me, and off it goes, never looking round to see if I was killed or not, and me sprawling in the mud with a smashed bike and a sprained arm and me fyce against a stone. I wouldn't be surprised if you weren't far from Surbiton at eight last night.

MOTORIST: Certainly not. I was going from London to Gidea Park.

CYCLIST: Ho. That's as may be. Anyhow, it might just as well have been you, if you're one of the non-stop brigyde.

MOTORIST: I am certainly no such thing. I always stop if I am aware of anyone having collided with me. But I must say, you cyclists simply ask for it, riding in the middle of the road as you do, and without rear lights. You're the greatest danger on the roads.



Photographic model specially designed by Richard Hursus

CYCLIST: Ho yus, we kill more people than all you motorists put together, don't we? The wye we mow the pedestrian down is something cruel.

PRAM-PUSHER: That's right. Why, only the other dye, little Percy here was knocked clean over by one of them nasty bikes. . . . Lily, stop pulling Percy's hair, or I'll throw you under the bikes.

PEDESTRIAN: I'm sure I'm terrified of all of you, and I don't know which of you is the worst. *None* of you slow down for the crossings that Mr. Hore Belisha made specially for us, and they really seem as dangerous as the rest of the road. I'm sure I stand waiting and waiting on the curb, not daring to venture out for fear of being killed, while those dreadful cars or 'buses or cycles or lorries (they're the worst) go dashing past at forty miles an hour and knock me over.

MOTORIST: You're right.

PRAM-PUSHER: That's right. Lily, leave over pinching Baby's leg, you naughty girl. You be a good girl now, or I'll put you under the motor-cars.

MOTORIST: As regards the pedestrian crossings, are you in the least aware, madam, how impossible they have made the streets for motor traffic?

PEDESTRIAN: If you're asking *me*, I've never seen any of you take the faintest notice of them, unless there's a policeman near.

MOTORIST: You're speaking, I take it, of the uncontrolled crossings.

PEDESTRIAN: I'm sure I can't say. Just crossings, I mean; the white trellis lines, or studs, with the yellow balls on poles. I don't know what 'uncontrolled' may mean.

MOTORIST: No, I don't believe most of you pedestrians *do* know. Are you aware that some crossings are controlled by traffic lights or policemen, and some are not?

PRAM-PUSHER: Ah, policemen. *They* see us safe across, they do.

PEDESTRIAN: I'm sure I don't know what traffic lights are.

MOTORIST: I thought not. You don't know that the green light means 'cross' and the red light 'don't cross'. So you people regularly march across against the red light, holding up the traffic from its turn to cross. Do you call that fair play?

PEDESTRIAN: No, I never knew that. I'm sure *I* never look at lights. I get quite muddled up and nervous enough without that. I'm sure if the lights were meant for us the police would tell us.

MOTORIST: You might well think so. In all other countries but this, motorists and walkers are *both* punished for crossing against the lights; here it's never even suggested to walkers that the lights are meant to control them as well as the wheeled traffic.

CYCLIST (*for once combining with the Motorist*): They wouldn't tyke any notice of it if it was. They can't reason, nor think. They've no brynes. And motorists can't feel; they've no hearts.

PRAM-PUSHER: And cyclists can't be'ave; they've no manners. I always say they're worse than the cars and 'buses, the way they 'urry along regardless.

MOTORIST (*firmly*): As I said before, cyclists are the greatest danger on the roads, because they insist on riding several abreast in the middle of the road, so that cars can't pass them without swinging right over to the off-side.

CYCLIST: Of course *cars* never drive in the middle of the road, do they? Always right up to their near curb they are, I've noticed that.

MOTORIST: My dear sir, slow traffic, like bicycles and horse-carts, should always keep well on their left. It's grossly inconsiderate to hold up the quick-moving traffic for miles on end the way they do, or else make them risk an accident by overtaking too far on the right. Of course, I say the same about slow cars.

CYCLIST: Not about fast ones, then? Of course, there's no such thing as the traffic regulations, which say drive on the left.

MOTORIST: The traffic regulations have to be interpreted rationally and according to circumstances and commonsense.

CYCLIST: And what do you call slow-moving for a car, might I ask?

MOTORIST: Oh, anything under about forty, say.

PEDESTRIAN: Forty, indeed! It's not right, going so fast along the King's highroad, that's what I say. There was a letter in the paper the other day from a Judge, and he said there should be a speed limit of thirty-five miles in open country and fifteen in towns. Forty miles an hour! Why, this train can't be going at that rate.

MOTORIST: Unfortunately not. My dear lady, forty and even

sixty miles an hour is absolutely safe with a good driver in a good car along a good road. It's all a question of circumstances. On some occasions thirty miles an hour might be unsafe, on others seventy is perfectly all right.

CYCLIST (*angrily*): Oh, cheese it. That's the wye you speed-hogs all talk. Everyone knows it's speed that does the killing. Speed, speed, speed! Where were the road accidents before you fellows came on to our roads with your speed machines?

PRAM-PUSHER: That's right.

MOTORIST: *Our* roads, you call them. I should like to point out that the roads belong to motorists fully as much as to anyone else; in fact, considerably more, since they're kept up out of the Road Fund which we provide by our taxes. When bicycles are taxed for road upkeep, it will be time enough for you cyclists to talk about 'our roads'. They ought to *be* taxed, of course. What's more, they will be, before long.

CYCLIST: Taxed, will they? The poor man's wye of getting to and from his work, and his recreation and exercise on Sundays, *taxed*. And just to keep up the roads for you motorists to spoil.

MOTORIST: Not at all. Just to make separate tracks for you cyclists, so that you won't be a danger on the public highways any more.

CYCLIST: Separate tracks be blowed. We've as good a right as you have to the highways, and we're darned well not going to be driven off of them. Let 'em try, that's all. They daren't do it. They daren't touch us. Why, they daren't even make us carry rear lights. They're *afride* of us, that's what they are.

PEDESTRIAN: I'm sure that's what we all are, the way you carry on in the roads; but I don't see it's anything to be proud of, young man.

CYCLIST: Afride of losing our votes, that's what the M.P.'s are. Why, there's millions of us in this country, and if we got together we could turn the Government out. *They* won't touch us, no fear. We mayn't have the newspapers behind us, like they're behind you motorists, because of the car manufacturers and their big advertisements, but we've got Parliament on a string all right.

MOTORIST: My dear sir, you're a complete anachronism on the roads and you can't possibly last more than a few years more. You're nearly as out of date as the horse and cart.

PEDESTRIAN: Oh dear me, yes, those dreadful great horse vans! They block the whole street, so that one can't see round them. I was all but knocked over yesterday, coming out from behind one of them that was delivering bottles at a public-house in Praed Street. A sports car rushed at me, and I never saw it and it never saw me, until I was right in its jaws. The driver only missed me by a hair and he skidded right across the road when he swerved.

MOTORIST: Oil on the roads, no doubt, as usual. It's abominable the way they keep the road surfaces.

PEDESTRIAN: But it really was as much the van's fault as the car's. Fancy blocking up the whole street delivering bottles! If they *must* deliver all those bottles and things, though I'm sure there can't be need for so many, they should get it done early, before people are about. And the poor horses, too. I hate to see them drawing those great vans, among all the traffic; I think it must be so bad for their nerves. You know, horses are very nervous animals.

MOTORIST: They're bad for *our* nerves, anyhow. They're the curse of the streets.

CYCLIST: And that's the first true word you've said yet. What price taxing *them*?

PRAM-PUSHER: 'Ere, 'Erbert, wyke up. These gentlemen want to tax your 'orse and van. They say you're a curse of the streets. He's my 'usband, you know, and he drives a horse delivery van.

VANMAN (*yawns noisily and wakes*): What's matter? Tax me 'oss and van? 'Oo's going to tax me 'oss and van?

PRAM-PUSHER: Why, that gentleman there, he says they oughter, and they all say you're a public danger.

CYCLIST: What! D'you mean to sye that chap who's been asleep in the corner there all this time is a horse-van driver? That's what I always sye—they spend all their time asleep, and so do their horses. Strolling along the London streets as if they was drawing a hearse, and not getting a move on or pulling aside, whoever wants to pass them. The horse may be a noble animal, but it's a long sight too noble for a crowded street, and that's a fact.

PEDESTRIAN: I think you're absolutely right. They should be kept for the country. One's heart quite bleeds to see the poor things bewildered among the dreadful London traffic.

VANMAN: Eh? My 'osses is all right, lady. They ain't bewildered; not much!

MOTORIST: No, I should say it's the rest of the traffic that they bewilder. I never know why you horse-drivers can't make your animals trot, instead of ambling along at half a mile an hour and holding up the whole traffic.

VANMAN: Eh?

CYCLIST: Hamblin' along. They're asleep, that's why. Horses and drivers, both fast asleep, they're the greatest dynger on the streets todye.

MOTORIST: I quite agree. And that shows that it's not speed that's the danger, but the slow traffic.

VANMAN: Dynger yourself. An 'oo's calling me slow traffic? What about these 'ere pedestrians and the crawling taxis? And 'oo meets with more trouble, me and my 'osses, or your ruddy cars and bikes? You ask the police that, mister. My old 'osses will be still going strong after your cars and bikes is smashed to bits. Slow traffic, indeed. You're *all* slow traffic, the whole lot of you, when my van and 'osses blocks the way.

PEDESTRIAN: And quite right, too. I'm sure when you're all crawling along behind a horse vehicle is the only time I ever feel safe in the streets.

MOTORIST: You may *feel* safe, madam, but I assure you there's no time when you're actually in greater danger. The slower the traffic the greater the danger, is a pretty safe axiom. If you notice the speeds at which motor vehicles are reported to have been going when involved in accidents, you'll see that in nearly every case it's under twenty miles an hour.

PEDESTRIAN: I don't agree with you.

VANMAN: Come off it.

CYCLIST: Yus, and who tells that tale to the police? The motorist himself. And who doesn't contradict him? The victim he's run down. And why? Because he's dead and can't say anything. According to you drivers, the slower you're going the more dyngerous you are.

MOTORIST: There's a great deal of truth in that, as a matter of fact.

CYCLIST: That's right. Most of you seem to be practically stationary when you're running something down. A mile an hour, like a horse-van, or this lady and her pram.

VANMAN: Mile an hour yerself. We 'oss drivers are an example to everything else on the road. We go at a good steady self-respecting pyce, and if everyone followed our example, there'd be a sight less trouble, and no need for all them orange trees they've planted at the crossings. *We* don't gallop after women and children and knock 'em down and leave 'em lying, we don't. Now, the *motor* vans—

MOTORIST: Worst things on the road, those heavy motor vans and lorries. Yes, that's right. Cause half the accidents. Vehicles of that weight and size have no right to travel at the pace they do. If they hit a private car, the car hasn't a chance; it's smashed up, or sent skidding across the road, while the van doesn't turn a hair. Ought to be separate tracks for the things. And for those infernal coaches. And, of course, for horse-drawn traffic. And another for cyclists.

PEDESTRIAN: Dear me, that *would* be a lot of tracks. And which of them would we pedestrians be allowed on?

MOTORIST: Pedestrians should stick to the footpath always, and not stray about the road at all.

PEDESTRIAN: That's all very well, but, you know, we *must* get from one side of the road to the other sometimes.

MOTORIST: Subways.

PEDESTRIAN: But there are so few subways. I never see any, even in London.

MOTORIST: Then you should wait for a controlled crossing, and cross *with* the signals, not against them. Above all, never clutter up the *uncontrolled* crossings. Really, the way people cross to and fro all day at these ridiculous crossings would make it literally impossible for cars to get on at all, in the busy parts of London, if we actually waited until the crossings were clear, as the regulations order. The thing's become a farce.

PEDESTRIAN: Well, I can't say I see that it's *funny*. Whatever it is, all these fearful accidents! I think motorists are dreadfully heartless. My nephew says it's a process of selection and the survival of the fittest. There's some joke he makes about pedestrians being divided into the quick and the dead.

MOTORIST: The trouble is, there are too many incompetent drivers on the roads. I hope these tests may weed some of them out, or else teach them better.

CYCLIST: Tests nothing. A driver'll pass a test all right, he'll be on his best behaviour for it; and then he'll go out and scorch

along at fifty miles an hour and mow everyone down. Tests, indeed! You can't test a hog in road manners.

PRAM-PUSHER: The less you cyclists sye about manners the better, young man. You're worse hogs than anyone. Ain't they, 'Erbert? (*Vanman snores.*) Why, if he hasn't dropped off to sleep again. He is a one for sleep, 'Erbert is. I only wish the kiddies took after him that way. Why, there's nowhere he won't sleep.

CYCLIST: That's just what I say. These horse-drivers are *always* asleep.

MOTORIST: But to get back to the driving tests. At least they can teach drivers to make the right signals. At present half the drivers I see make the left-turn signal for a right-hand turn; waggle their right arm up and down, I mean, instead of keeping it straight out. You don't know *what* they mean to do. Lorry drivers are the worst. I'd arrest a man for that. Sheer incompetence and carelessness. There should be many more licences suspended. It would clear the roads a bit, for one thing, for the drivers who *can* drive.

CYCLIST: That's right. They could do their stuff then, couldn't they; get along at seventy. And what with them, and what with the draymen driving along fast asleep, and the pedestrians getting in everyone's way, and the prams—

PRAM-PUSHER: And what *about* the prams, young man? I suppose they knock you down, too. Grudging the poor little kiddies their carriages. I never *did*! Why, it can't have been so long since your ma pushed *you* in a pram, trying to keep you safe from them nasty bikes and cars. Lily, you come up off the floor, or the gentleman'll tread on you. (*Lily whimpers.*)

PEDESTRIAN: Poor little thing. It's dreadful to think how unsafe the world is for them nowadays because of you people with cars.

MOTORIST: The world needn't be in the least more unsafe than it was. All that's needed is to keep the wrong people off the roads—the unteachables, I mean, and the cyclists who won't carry rear lights—and to educate the rest in road sense. Dogs have learnt it, and there's no reason why human beings shouldn't, too. Though I must say, hens never have.

PEDESTRIAN: Well, I think the only road sense that seems any use is the sense to keep off the roads altogether while they're in this terrible state of unrest.

MOTORIST (*pleased with this*): I believe you're quite right. The road is no place for pedestrians, and the sooner they realise that the better for everyone. They only make trouble for themselves and everyone else by using them. There should be overhead tracks for them, or else subways, and separate tracks for cyclists. And no horse-vehicles in towns at all. Then we might all be able to get about on the public highways, and not be driven to take these ridiculous trains, with their puffing and whistling and wheezing and stopping all down the line. (*Train stops in a station.*) Now, where's this? Some absurd twopenny-halfpenny place, that one would drive through without even seeing it.

CYCLIST: You bet you would. Well, it's a built-up area, and from March on you'll have to slow down and look at it, so you can put *that* in your pipe and smoke it. You and your public highways: No better than mad mullahs rushin' amok, you aren't. This is my home town and I'm getting out. 'Evening all.

MOTORIST: Good riddance. Really, the manners of these cyclists are a bit trying. But it's no good getting ruffled.

PEDESTRIAN: And, after all, the poor young fellow had had a nasty accident.

MOTORIST: Entirely his own fault, no doubt.

PEDESTRIAN: Well, of course, no: having been there, one can't judge. But he said a car hit him.

MOTORIST: He hit a car, you mean.

PEDESTRIAN: Well, it seems to come to much the same thing, doesn't it? And cars are heavier, and hit harder, so of course they hurt more. Dear me, well, it all seems very dreadful, but I suppose it's all progress and can't be helped.

PRAM-PUSHER: That's right. We shall all have to go up in the air to live, that's what I say. Wake up, 'Erbert, we shall be in in a minute. (*Grunt.*)

MOTORIST: Quite time, too. This train's speed is a disgrace. Talk of progress. . . .

A short story competition which is open to all, has no stringent rules, and has cash prizes amounting to twenty-five guineas, including a special prize for people residing overseas, is announced in the February issue of the *Woman's Magazine*. All stories entered, which are not prize-winners but are up to publication standard, will be accepted for future use in the magazine, at the usual rates.

Markets and Men

Rubber Booms and Blunders

By J. W. F. ROWE

I WANT to take you on a short tour in Malaya and the Dutch East Indies. We will go straight to Kuala Lumpur in the middle of the Malay Peninsula. It is quite a considerable town, for it is the headquarters of the Government of the Federated Malay States and also a big business centre, since it is the capital of the world's most important rubber producing area. It is now about 5 o'clock in the morning, and after a rather hot night we are getting up, while it is still dark, in order to go in a car to the rubber estate of the X.Y.Z. Company, one of whose directors in London has kindly given us an introduction to their plantation manager. When we arrive at his bungalow, the manager comes out to meet us, and we all set off on a tour of the estate.

It is now half light, and we shall probably realise very soon that we are not the only people about, even at this early hour. Little parties of twos and threes and fours are moving off in different directions and gradually splitting up. These are the tappers going out to their particular sections of the estate. Let us look at the trunk of one of these innumerable trees. We see that two or three vertical lines have been scored out in the bark from about 4 feet up and nearly down to the ground, thus dividing the circumference of the trunk into two or three sections or panels, and at the top of one of these panels we notice that a big patch of the bark has been removed quite recently. In another panel on the other side of the tree the bark has also been removed, but it is now growing again. Here comes one of the tappers, and we will watch what he is going to do. By the way, note that he is not a Malay, but an Indian. He walks up to the tree, and with a gouge-shaped knife he slices off a strip of bark as thin as possible from the lower edge of the bare patch: in other words, the patch is now just a very little bigger. Almost at once we see a white liquid, like milk, oozing from the strip from which he has just removed the bark. He then adjusts the position of a little metal spout stuck into the tree so that it will catch this milk as it runs downwards, for the cut is made in a sloping direction towards the ground, and so that the dripping from the spout is directed into a little cup which he puts on the ground at the foot of the tree. And then he goes on to the next tree. It is all done very quickly and neatly, and it needs to be, because he has to do about two hundred trees before 9 or 10 o'clock. After that time it begins to get so hot that the milk will not ooze to anything like the same extent. The earlier the tapping is done in the morning, the bigger the yield, and that is why tapping begins the moment it is light enough to see and why we have had to make such an early start.

What I have referred to as 'milk' is, of course, rubber, and you will appreciate now that the yield of rubber per tree

depends upon the extent of bark on the trunk. By heavy tapping, that is by cutting large slices of bark continuously every day, you can get a big yield for a short time, but when you have cut off all the bark, you will not be able to get any more until the bark has grown again, and that will take some four to six years, depending on the vitality of the tree and a good many other things. Now, the policy of most European estates is to obtain a steady permanent yield by tapping just as fast as the

bark is renewed, and no faster. The skilful manager concentrates on getting maximum yield with minimum bark consumption, and with the quickest possible bark renewal; hence very elaborate systems of periodical tapping and periodical resting of the trees have been evolved, and considerable care is devoted to keeping the trees in the best possible condition by proper drainage systems, treatment of disease and so on. When the trees have ceased oozing, the tappers collect the cups and pour them into big cans which are collected by lorry from central points on the estate and taken to the factory. Here the milk, or latex as it is called, is strained to remove any dirt, and then put into large shallow tanks. Certain chemicals are then stirred into the tanks which solidify the liquid in quite a short time. The result is, large slabs of dull white rubber, something like lumps of dough. These slabs are then rolled out by power-driven machinery into thin sheets with a ribbed marking and taken to the smoke house. Twenty-four hours' smoking alters the colour to a rich brown, and we now have the standard product, ribbed smoked



A tapped rubber tree in Sumatra, showing the receptacle for catching the latex

E.N.A.

sheet. The sheets are about 36 inches long by 12 inches wide, and they are then packed into plywood cases and dispatched to the rail-head, then to the ports, and so to Europe or the U.S.A.

After seeing the factory, we shall probably walk round the village where the labourers live. Most British estates in Malaya recruit their labour from villages in Southern India. The length of terms of service, the minimum rate of pay, and many other conditions are fixed by agreement between the Government of India and that of the Malay States. Usually the Indian workers go back to India at the end of their contract period, but a large percentage return regularly, and often return with their wives. They spend the bulk of their lives in Malaya, for they can get a much higher standard of living there than in India, but they usually return to India for a visit every now and then.

Now, that is the sort of thing you will find on the typical European-owned estates in Malaya, Ceylon or the Dutch East Indies, though the labour varies in each country. It is essentially a capitalistic method of production. The whole thing is very well organised. Considerable use is made of

scientific knowledge, and the policy as regards production is based on the long view rather than the short. The size of estates varies enormously, the most common being about 2,000 acres.

Now, as well as these European-owned estates, there are a considerable number of Chinese-owned estates in Malaya. These as a rule run rather smaller, but they have the same characteristics as the European-owned estates, only in a lesser degree: for example, a Chinese estate is usually planted with more trees to the acre, is usually tapped more severely in times of high prices, and so on. But the Chinese, like the European, estate is essentially a capitalistic method of production.

So then we have European estates and Chinese estates, but in Malay there is also a large production of rubber by Malay natives, owning smallholdings of an acre or two each, and occasionally somewhat larger. Here the whole conditions are very different. The Malay native nowadays wants some cash wherewith to buy manufactures, if he can possibly get it. Practically speaking, the only way he can get it is by producing and selling rubber; and so part, or even the whole, of his land is planted with rubber trees. He plants them very close together, and taps them often heavily and always carelessly, at least as judged by European standards, but all the same he gets very high yields for considerable periods at a time, because the rubber tree will stand a great deal of rough usage, if it gets a periodical rest; and in general, when the price of rubber is high, the Malay native taps less because he has no keen ambition to grow rich, and when he has got a certain income, he prefers leisure to work; thus, in times of high prices his trees generally get some rest, while his methods of planting and cultivation, though disadvantageous in some respects, do result in a pretty rapid renewal of bark. The native and his family normally do all the work, and you must understand that he has no capital charges. He prepares his rubber by very simple methods. He solidifies the latex in four-gallon petrol tins cut in halves lengthways, and rolls out the slabs roughly in hand machines much like our home mangles. Sometimes he smokes the sheets, but very often he sells his rubber unsmoked to the Chinese dealers. It does not fetch as good a price as the product of European estates, but it costs very little to produce. And please note that the Malay native does not usually increase his output very much in times of high prices, while, on the other hand, if prices are low, he produces as much as he possibly can in order to get at least some cash. You will see the significance of this later.

In Sumatra, Borneo and certain other islands of the Dutch East Indies, the natives also produce rubber, but in very different conditions from those in Malaya. Sumatra and Borneo are in general thinly populated, and since there is plenty of land the natives do not settle down permanently and cultivate the same piece of land year after year as they do in Malaya. Every year the Dutch native clears about two acres of forest land in order to grow rice, which is his staple food. After one crop, or at the most two, he abandons this clearing and makes another, moving his hut when necessary: the abandoned clearing simply reverts to jungle. But during the last ten or fifteen years, these Dutch natives have gradually learned about rubber, and more and more it became the practice to plant the area to be abandoned with rubber by the simple process of pushing rubber seeds into the ground with the thumb when planting the second rice crop, or as soon as the rice crop was cleared. If the young rubber trees are to survive, the native must keep down the growth of weeds and so on for the first three or four years. After that the trees are tall enough to take care of themselves. Especially in 1925 and 1926, when the price of rubber was extremely high, an enormous

amount of this planting of what are really 'rubber forests' took place. To the Dutch native, therefore, rubber is essentially a by-product of his normal agricultural operations.



Solidified latex hung out to dry

By courtesy of the Rubber Growers' Association

If the price of rubber is high enough to make it worth his while to tap, the Dutch native will do so; and if it is high enough to enable him to hire assistants, which is generally done by giving them half the current value of the rubber each produces, then the output of Dutch native rubber becomes very large indeed. But if the price of rubber falls very low—say to 2d. or less, as it has done recently—a large proportion of the natives find that they cannot sell their rubber at all, because the price will not cover the costs of transport from the interior to the markets at the ports, and, of course, when this happens they are forced to stop tapping altogether. In Malaya this does not happen to the same extent, for the majority of Malay small-holdings are within fairly easy reach of a market. Thus you will see that the reaction of the Dutch native and the native in Malaya to changes in the price of rubber are very different.

These, then, are the main kinds of rubber producers. Now we must get some idea of their relative importance at different times. None of them were in existence as producers in 1900, for at that time there was no production of rubber at all in the East. Practically the whole of the world's supply of rubber at that time came from the Amazon Valley and Central Africa, where rubber trees grow wild in the forests, and expeditions were organised to travel round and tap them. Round about 1900 the first commercial planting of rubber in Malaya began. Now from this date also begins the rapid growth of the motor-car industry, with its demand for rubber for tyres. The price of rubber began to rise very steeply, and in 1909 and 1910 there was the first great price boom when rubber touched 12s. per lb., and averaged nearly 9s. for the whole of 1910. The total world production in that year consisted of 83,000 tons of wild rubber from the Amazon and Africa, and 11,000 tons of plantation rubber from the East. These high prices led to the rapid planting up of estates in Malaya, Ceylon and Java. By 1914 two-and-a-half million acres had been planted, but you must not forget that it takes six or seven years for the trees to grow to a size when they can be usefully tapped. Planting also began by Chinese, by natives in Malaya, and, to a small extent, by Dutch natives. It was clear that a hugely-increased production would take place when all this new planting came into bearing. And by 1919 the total plantation production was at least 300,000 tons a year. While the immediate post-War boom lasted, however, all this and more was required, but when the post-War slump hit the U.S.A. in 1920, the United States rubber manufacturers, who then accounted for two-thirds of the world's consumption, more or less stopped buying, and the price fell abruptly from about 2s. to

rod., at which level most estates could then barely cover their costs. A voluntary restriction scheme was started by British estates, but after a short time it broke down. Eventually in the autumn of 1921 the British Government intervened and appointed the famous Stevenson Committee. In May, 1922, that Committee reported that during 1922 production would exceed consumption by 100,000 tons, and that by the end of that year the surplus stocks would total 200,000 tons, equal to eight months' consumption at the current rate; and their remedy was a joint compulsory restriction scheme to be operated by the British and Dutch Governments. But the

1925. The result was a large increase in the exports from countries outside the restriction scheme, mainly, of course, from the Netherlands East Indies, and also a big increase in the production of reclaimed rubber, that is, rubber recovered from worn-out tyres, etc. At the same time the United States Government appealed to the public to assist in breaking the British rubber monopoly by using their tyres as long as possible, repairing them instead of getting new ones, and so on. By the beginning of 1926 the full effects of these developments began to be felt. The price began to fall, while at the same time restriction was being automatically removed as the result of the high prices which

were now becoming a thing of the past. By October, 1926, the price was down to 1s. 9d., and then the whole restriction scheme was revised in order to try and prevent the price falling below this figure. The previous standard of 1s. 3d. had been sufficiently profitable: the new standard meant enormous profits to all producers outside the scheme, and therefore, a direct incentive to them to increase their output to the greatest possible extent, which they naturally did. Looking back, it is hard to conceive how such a blunder could ever have been made by a British Government. As more and more restriction was reimposed on British areas in the effort to stop the price from falling, other countries, and chiefly, of course, the Netherlands East Indies, increased their output, and the supply of rubber continued



A closely planted rubber plantation, showing the trees overcrowded and heavily scored for tapping

E.N.A.

Dutch Government refused to join, and so eventually the Stevenson Committee recommended a restriction scheme by the British Government alone. Under the proposed scheme the price was to be stabilised at 1s. 3d. by varying the degree of restriction every quarter according to changes in the current price level. If the price rose above 1s. 3d. the degree of restriction was automatically lessened; if the price fell below, it was automatically increased. The scheme was to start on November 1, 1922, and would apply to Malaya and Ceylon.

Aided by the unexpectedly rapid recovery of consumption in the United States, all went well with the scheme for the first year. The initial restriction was to 60 per cent. of the estimated productive capacity, and the price jumped up considerably as soon as the scheme was published, and rapidly reached the desired figure. But during the first half of 1924, the price declined to an extent which resulted in an automatic tightening of restriction to 50 per cent. of the standard output. This brought about a quick recovery in the price, but it was really much more than a mere recovery. The world in general, and the United States manufacturers in particular, had really been living in part on their stocks, which were now at a very low level. At the end of 1924 consumption in the United States took a sudden jump upwards, and heavy buying rapidly forced up the price. As the price rose higher and higher, the United States manufacturers rushed in to buy not merely their current requirements, but their requirements for some time ahead. This rush to buy drove the price sky-high to over 4s. in November,



Another plantation where the trees are carefully spaced and tapped

By courtesy of the Rubber Growers' Association

to be all and more than the world required. The British restriction scheme was benefiting Malaya not at all, but her chief competitor very much. Throughout 1927 the price continued to fall, until restriction again reached 60 per cent. of the standard output, which under the new scheme was to be the minimum. Thereafter the price still continued to fall. Eventually, in March, 1928, the British Government realised the blunder which had been committed, and it was decided that all restrictions on production would be removed as from the following November 1.

Mr. Rowe's second talk on Rubber will be given next week.

RADIO NEWS-REEL 28 JAN.- 3 FEB.

A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins

ANGLO-FRENCH TALKS

MM. Flandin and Laval reached agreement with British Ministers in London on February 3, when a general European settlement was proposed including: substitution of treaty restrictions on German armaments by a general agreement, the return of Germany to the League, and a convention between Locarno powers against unprovoked aerial attack. The details of the proposed air pact were explained in an address broadcast by Sir John Simon on Sunday evening



JUBILEE PREPARATIONS

Preliminary tests for the floodlighting of Buckingham Palace for the Jubilee celebrations in May were carried out on January 31. Eighteen flood lamps were installed in a double row on one side of the forecourt

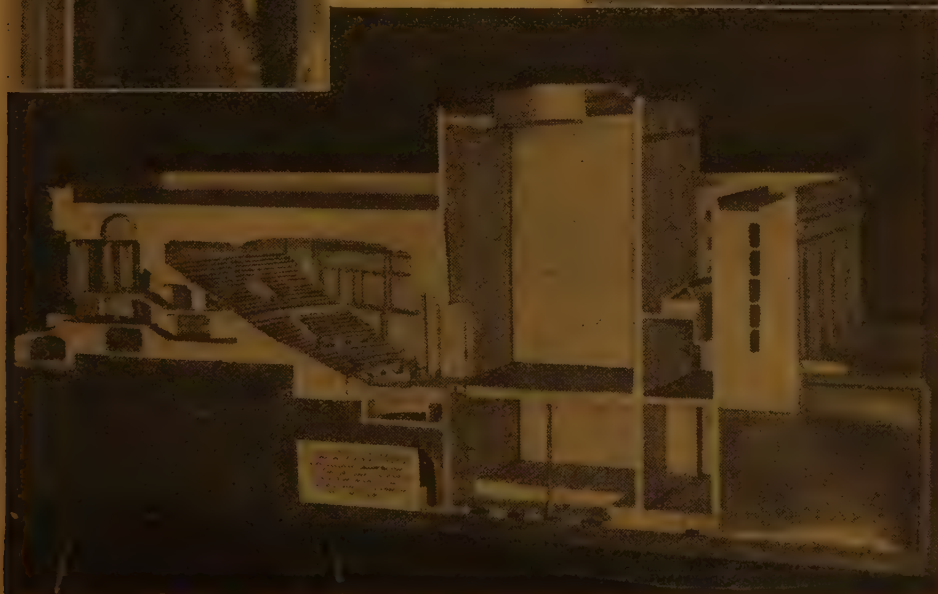


TELEVISION ARRIVES

The Television Committee state that 'high definition' television has now reached a standard which justifies the first steps being taken towards the establishment of a public service. The photograph shows television reception

NATIONAL THEATRE PROPOSAL

Lord Lytton (inset left) has been asked to raise £500,000 before the end of this year. On the left is a suggestion for a National Theatre: from the model made by Mr. W. L. Somerville, of Toronto, which won the competition initiated by the British Drama League in 1924, and which was exhibited at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. Reproduced by courtesy of the Drama League





SERIOUS MISSISSIPPI FLOODS

Forty-seven people are known to have been drowned in the Mississippi valley floods, the rising river overwhelming them in their houses in many cases. It is estimated that 75 per cent. of the livestock in the valley has been drowned

CIVIL WAR IN LOUISIANA

Senator Huey Long, nicknamed 'Kingfish' (below, right), ruler of Louisiana, anticipated the rebellion of his enemies, the Square Deal Association, when he moved troops into the State capital, Baton Rouge, on January 28. Most of his opponents are in flight or in prison and, with all State buildings heavily guarded and patrols in every street, Baton Rouge is living in a war atmosphere



SAFETY FIRST MECHANISM

The Minister of Transport, accompanied by Mr. Selfridge, opened a Safety Week Exhibition on January 28. 'The real safety device is not shown', he said, 'it is the spirit of care and attention without which all our efforts are in vain'



NEW HOMES FOR WORKERS

The Minister of Health, Sir E. Hilton Young, is seen here with Lady Hilton Young, examining models of flats such as are being proposed under the new Housing Bill at an exhibition opened on January 29. The Bill received its second reading in the House of Commons on January 30



THE KING'S CHAMPION

The Shire Horse Show opened on January 29 at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. The King's prize-winning stallion, "Appleton Binder," was prominent among the 253 entries



SKI-ING IN LONDON

Winter sports were possible on January 28 when snow covered Hampstead Heath to a depth of 4½ inches



NORSE RITES IN SHETLANDS

The Festival of Up-Helly-A which takes place annually in Lerwick was celebrated on January 29. Four hundred islanders, each carrying a torch, marched through the streets behind a Norse war galley in which were 20 young men (some of whom are shown above) dressed as Vikings. The galley was afterwards set alight on the sea shore.

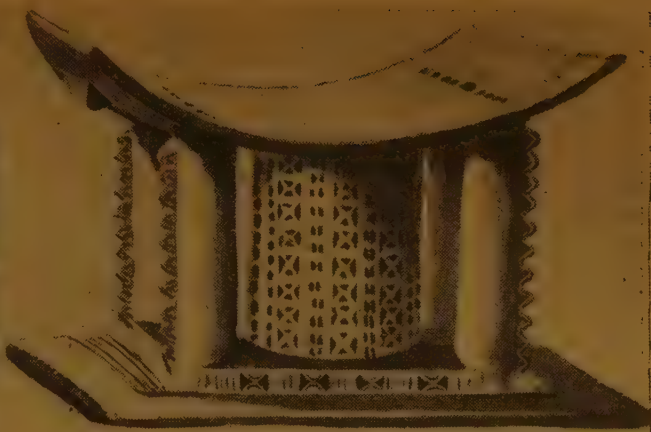
HOMAGE TO CHARLES I

Members of the Royal Martyr Church Union held their service at the statue of King Charles I (right) in Trafalgar Square, on January 30; the anniversary of his execution.



RUSSIA'S MILITARY BUDGET

A year ago it was claimed that the Red Army was the most highly mechanised in the world. On January 30 the Commissar of Defence announced a four-fold increase in the military estimates.



RESTORATION OF A THRONE

At a brilliant ceremony at Kumasi on January 31, Sir A. Hodson, the Governor, on behalf of H.M. the King, restored the Golden Stool (above) to the Ashanti people and designated Prempeh as the first Asantehene ruler under the British Government. Great enthusiasm prevailed among the people.



BALTIC EXCHANGE ANXIETY

A receiver was appointed on January 30 for Strauss & Co., one of the leaders of the grain trade. The event caused considerable anxiety on the Exchange (above), though markets kept commendably stable.



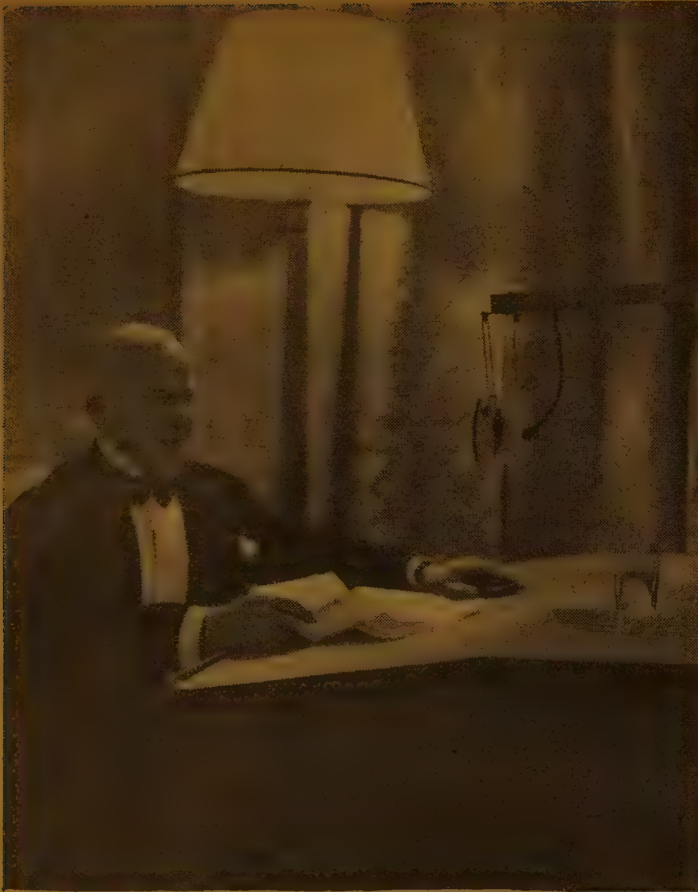
PICTURE FORGERY TRIAL

Hundreds of alleged faked masterpieces are concerned in the trial at Fontainebleau of Jean Charles Millet (right), who is charged with two others with selling pictures bearing the forged signature of his grandfather and of other nineteenth century masters.



MISSING GOLD FOUND

After widespread search in England and France, bars of gold which had been jolted from an air liner in a gale were found by a French peasant near Oisement in the Somme district. Several of the ingots were buried 2 feet below the ground by their fall.



The Right Hon. J. H. Whitley, formerly Speaker of the House of Commons, and since 1930 Chairman of the Board of Governors of the B.B.C., died in a London nursing home on February 3 at the age of 68. His general health had been improving, after a recent operation, but there was a relapse just before the end of the week



PLANS FOR GRESFORD RE-OPENING

Since the adjournment of the Court of Enquiry into the Gresford Colliery disaster, the erection of an air lock at the top of one of the shafts has been proceeding and the next step will be to render it safe for men wearing self-contained breathing apparatus to descend the two shafts and to ascertain the condition of the mine. The photograph shows volunteers receiving a demonstration of the various currents of gas and air on a chart of the interior of the mine



HUNGER STRIKING MINERS

For the second time in three months these Hungarian coal miners are hunger-striking below ground at Pecs. Last October a thousand of them went on strike and remained a hundred hours below ground. The situation on January 31 was reported as dangerous unless the wage cut was restored by the owners



CHILDREN IN PIRATE ADVENTURE

Seventy British schoolchildren bound for the China Inland Mission School at Chefoo (left) on the *Tugchow* (inset) had a great adventure when the steamer was seized by pirates, who remained in control of her for three days. Members of the ship's crew were wounded and killed but no harm was done to the children. The pirates were only put to flight when naval planes searching for the *Tugchow* flew overhead

A Plan for Air Security

By the Rt. Hon. SIR JOHN SIMON, M.P.

Broadcast by the Foreign Secretary on February 3

A COMMUNIQUE was issued only two hours ago, describing the results of the conversations which have been taking place in Downing Street during the last three days between French and British Ministers. In the few moments which I am able to occupy I can only deal with the last subject contained in the text of the document—an important and novel suggestion relating to security against air attack.

Now if one considers the subject of security and of dangers to peace, it is quite clear that there has arisen during recent years a new and special danger which is due to the possibility of the misuse of modern developments in the air. Armies have to be mobilised and, however swiftly armies may act, they cannot strike a mortal blow in a very short time. Navies have to be concentrated and moved under conditions where what they are doing or are likely to do can hardly be kept secret, but this new invention of movement in the air with its latest developments of machines of vast range, tremendous speed, high power, and possibility of rapid and secret manœuvres—this new development undoubtedly fills many people with a new foreboding of a new danger which might conceivably threaten town and country alike. Supposing that there were a Power possessed of an air force planning to make sudden attack against its neighbour, what more likely than that the first assault would take the form of an overwhelming attack from the air? And therefore the French and British Ministers, surveying this problem of peace and security, were led to analyse in much detail the nature of the danger of sudden aerial aggression by one country upon another.

We asked ourselves this question: would it be possible to make provision against this danger by a reciprocal regional agreement between certain Powers? Let me illustrate.

Let us take Western Europe and let us suppose that the four Powers are A, B, C and D. Would it be possible to negotiate an agreement between these four Powers under which the signatories would undertake immediately to give the assistance of their air forces to any one of their number who was the victim of unprovoked aerial aggression by another of their number? If A suddenly attacked B from the air, C and D would with their air forces come to the immediate assistance of B. Now, if you could negotiate such an agreement, would it not operate as a most effective preventive and deterrent against this fearful possibility? Those rules are the most certainly observed which it does not pay anyone to break, and if it were known that an unprovoked aerial aggression by any one of the four would immediately bring upon the wrongdoer the air forces of the others, is it not probable that this would very greatly increase the likelihood of no such aggression ever taking place at all? The British and French Ministers, on behalf of their Governments, are in agreement that if such a mutual arrangement could be made, say, for four or five countries in Western Europe, that would go far to operate as a deterrent to aggression and it would ensure immunity from sudden attacks from the air.

I earnestly desire my fellow-countrymen, each one of them, to think this problem calmly out for himself. Of course, we naturally ask what advantage it would be for us and what would be the burden which we should be undertaking. Well, supposing that among the Powers there were France, England, Germany, and Belgium, and supposing that we were exposed to this sudden unprovoked aggression from the air, we have at present no treaty which gives us any right to call for the assistance of any Power on the Continent to help us to ward off the blow. Indeed, it has sometimes been a comment on the Locarno Treaties that though Britain undertook some serious responsibilities in certain events on the Continent to assist France or Germany or Belgium, as the case might be, this country under the Locarno Treaty got no such corresponding assistance in return. This plan would provide us for the first time with an undertaking for our own immediate advantage.

But you may ask: would it not also impose upon us very

serious additional responsibilities to come to the help of others? Let me answer that question with complete candour. Assuming that the parties were—France, Germany, Belgium, and ourselves, the only cases in which we might be called upon to take part are cases in which we are already bound to take part under the Treaty of Locarno. The difference would be this: that whereas at present our promise is a promise under Locarno which is not precisely defined, because under Locarno the promise is to come to the assistance of the other party thus attacked, this would provide that in the case of the other party being attacked by air we would come to that party's assistance immediately with our air force. That undoubtedly gives precision to a promise which at present is expressed in more general terms, but it seems to me that since we in this country have a reputation, and, I hope, deserve it, of keeping our pledged word, that if the case did arise of unprovoked aerial aggression upon one or other of our neighbours inside the Locarno Treaty we should find ourselves obliged to take part, and if we took part, common prudence would suggest that we lost no time about it.

Now you will ask: this is an interesting idea well worth thinking over, but has the British Government between Friday morning and Sunday night committed this country to an entirely novel scheme of which very few people had heard more than a few days ago? The answer is: certainly not. What we have done is to agree with the French Government that this kind of scheme for Western Europe would, as we believe, if it could be negotiated and carried out, provide a deterrent which would go far to ensure immunity from sudden attacks from the air. I leave every man and woman in a British home tonight to judge whether if that be true it is not an object worth achieving.

What we have further done today—the French Ministers and ourselves—is this: having carried the analysis to this point we think the right course is now to consult some other countries who, we imagine, would be interested in the project and willing dispassionately to consider it. So we have communicated today—the communications have already gone, and I know from my work at the Foreign Office they have been received—we have communicated today with Italy, Germany, and Belgium. Germany in this matter is being treated, as she ought to be treated, as on a level with everybody else invited to a discussion. We hope that those other countries will examine this project and let us know in due course whether they do not think that it offers great possibilities for improving the security and promoting the peace of the world. But I must say one more word about Italy. That great country, associated by so long a history of friendship and sympathy with our own, is never absent from our thoughts when we think of the problems of peace in Europe. But you will observe that under the Locarno Treaty Britain is under no obligation to offer help to Italy and Italy is under no obligation to offer help to England. Under the Locarno Treaty Italy and Britain are not beneficiaries. They do not get the shelter of the roof of Locarno. They are rather like two buttresses outside the building helping to sustain the roof but exposed to the weather.

It may be doubted whether geographical distance between Italy and this country is not such that it may be better to conceive possibly not one regional agreement, but perhaps more than one. We have not, of course, carried our analysis far enough to be sure, but I can imagine that when this matter is discussed on equal terms by those with whom we have consulted and ourselves we may find that a more limited agreement for strictly Western Europe, Germany I hope, Belgium I hope, France, and ourselves, may be a practicable proposition, and it may be that Italy and France and Germany would find themselves in another combination. All that is for the future. All I desire to say tonight is to direct your most earnest attention to this new investigation as to the ways and means of securing and promoting peace, and of removing from the minds and thoughts of men and women a haunting fear, I trust in time for ever.

*The Listener's Music**Purist and Philistine*

CONTINUING the Handel celebrations, the 'Foundations of Music' this week consists of a selection of choruses—a good idea that ought to be useful to choral conductors and singers, who are no doubt taking advantage of this opportunity of making acquaintance with some unfamiliar numbers with a view to widening their Handelian repertory. Long before the Handel Festivals came to an end it was customary to scoff at those Gargantuan feasts, yet they had their good points. Not only did they set vast numbers of people singing Handel, instead of merely talking about him: they did also what (apparently) no organisation has done since: they drew regularly on some of the neglected oratorios. What was known as 'Selection Day' was, in fact, a feast of good things, many of which have hardly been heard since. (I recall, especially, a string of splendid choruses from 'Solomon'.)

There is room, then, for a good deal of salvage work in this department of Handel—the very one that ought to be the most familiar of all in a country where choralism is still one of the chief musical industries.

This is, I believe, the first time during their long innings that the Foundations have consisted of detached movements rather than of complete works, and the fact provides an opportunity for consideration of a matter that from time to time leads to warm discussion, *i.e.* the performance of works in a shortened, adapted, or transcribed form.

The question is far less simple than it appears to be. As a general principle, of course, a piece of music ought to be presented in the form and manner indicated by the composer. But this is precisely what cannot be done in regard to a great many works written more than a century and a half ago. Not only have some instruments become obsolete; others have very materially changed in character; and even the greatest of composers, modern as well as early, have occasionally made miscalculations that have to be put right in performance.

Clearly, then, it is impossible to be an out-and-out purist: the inevitable exceptions are too numerous. All that can be said is that the composer's text and intentions should be adhered to as far as possible, and that the necessary changes should be made by those equipped with due knowledge, skill and taste.

The question of 'cuts' seems at first sight to be a very different matter; actually, the conditions are much the same. 'Cutting', like re-scoring, is generally more necessary in old than in new works—not that the old are too long, but because of the large proportion of repetition they contain. If undue length were the deciding factor, many modern symphonies and sonatas would be shortened by general consent; but their style and structure make the operation impossible. We may say, in fact, that the difficulty of 'cutting' increased with the development of symphonic form. There are, for example, passages in the lesser symphonies and sonatas of Haydn and Mozart that can be omitted without damage to the structure. On the other hand, nobody would seriously contemplate using the knife on a Beethoven symphony: the most that can be done is to disregard some of the repeat marks.

Most of the pre-Beethoven works were not only repetitive; they tended also to fall into easily divisible sections, a fact that makes it easy to remove some of the repetitions. This habit of saying everything at least twice had sound sense behind it. The development of instrumental forms began, roughly, at a time when music was leaving the salon of the connoisseurs for the concert room of the general public. To appreciate a symphonic work the listener must be able to take in the exposition of the material sufficiently well to recognise its reappearances and to follow its development during a lengthy movement. The early symphonists accordingly took no risks: the material was generally straightforward in character, and the first section of a sonata or symphony was frequently repeated, note for note; there were generally only two subjects, and there was never any room for doubt as to where they began or ended. The early symphony was thus a series of concessions to the raw listener. Today, when ears are (presumably) more capable, the traditional first subject has given place to a group, from which the composer helps himself for the purposes of development; and the structure is now so free that the old-time division

of a movement into exposition, development, and recapitulation has almost disappeared. Such music cannot be 'cut', because there is no join for the knife to enter. We may think the composer goes on too long; he generally does, but he must have his say.

If symphonic movements cannot always be shortened, however, they can often with good effect be given separately. Not many years ago such a suggestion would have called forth heated protest. (I got into very hot water about twenty years ago for saying this very thing.) Yet at the Elgar Memorial Concert at the Albert Hall last year the slow movement from the Second Symphony was played alone, with impressive effect, and nobody raised an objection. The precedent is, of course, one that needs watching so far as modern works are concerned. A symphony of today is conceived as a whole, whereas many of the early classical school made no pretence of being more than three or four contrasted pieces strung together. Certainly nobody would seriously defend the performance of detached movements at a symphony concert. There are, however, many occasions when the practice is not merely defensible but desirable. Thus, many symphonies are so unequal in quality that their complete performance would lower the standard of a whole programme. Yet works that are unsatisfactory as wholes often contain a movement of outstanding excellence. Three courses are open to us: the work may be shelved; it may be played complete, boring the audience and damaging its composer's reputation; or the good movement may be extracted, with satisfactory results all round. For example, on January 20, Haydn's Symphony in E flat, No. 99 (!) was broadcast: the first three movements were just ordinary, and I had no scruple in dividing my attention between the music and the evening paper. But the Finale proved to be Haydn at his best—vital and diverting stuff that bubbled irresistibly from start to finish. Some of it in fact did what very little avowedly humorous music can do: it raised a laugh. Such a movement should be taken from its rather ordinary setting, and used, like the standard overtures, as a safe and cheerful opening or concluding number in a miscellaneous programme. Among the hundreds of symphonies by Haydn, Mozart, and the lesser-known of their contemporaries and forerunners, there must be many a capital movement awaiting rescue. In the great majority of these innumerable and facile early symphonies the parts are apt to be infinitely greater than the whole.

Among Handel's oratorios are some that, like those early symphonies, are so unequal in quality that they are never likely to be heard complete; and Handel's finest inspirations frequently occur in works that are otherwise dead. Let them be rescued this year, and take their place among the repertory of short choral numbers.

In the recent discussion on the broadcast version of 'Hänsel and Gretel', it was argued that those who took exception to the broadcast should also object to the giving of Wagner programmes in the concert hall. This sounds reasonable until we remember that Wagner himself set the fashion. In 1877 he came to London and gave at the Albert Hall a series of concerts with programmes made up of extracts from his operas. That is typical of the way the great composers cut the ground from under the feet of the purists. But a great composer's easygoing treatment of his work is no justification for Philistinism today. After all, it was *his* music, to do with as he liked. The passage of years may have brought about the need for modification; changing social habits may call for shortening of long works; a more exacting standard, plus the enormous growth of the repertory, may make it advisable to perform parts rather than wholes (as is being done this week in the 'Foundations'); nobody but the most rigid and impractical purist will object to any procedure of the kind so long as it is carried out with taste and skill. If the result is a coherent entity, only the extremists will complain—the purist because it is not as the composer left it, the Philistine because it is still not snippety enough. The rest of us will applaud the commonsense that has made an over-long or otherwise impracticable work available without destroying its beauty.

HARVEY GRACE

*The Artist and his Public**Medium and Craftsmanship*

By ERIC NEWTON

LAST week we decided that beauty in art was the result of a union between an artist's æsthetic excitement about something and his skill in turning that excitement into paint. We also decided that it was not a thing an artist tried to manufacture, but that it was, to him, a by-product of his work. The moral is this, I think: that beauty as the spectator insists on calling it has no real existence in art at all. If it had, we should long ago have discovered it and drawn up rules for producing it, and every artist would have started his career by



This bronze by Epstein shows how the sculptor has used the plastic qualities of clay to express character and vitality—

By courtesy of Jacob Epstein

reading up and learning by heart these rules. If that could be done we should have a charmingly convenient formula for producing good art and avoiding bad. Such a formula has never been found, and I think we can safely say that the reason it has never been found is that absolute beauty does not exist. Whenever a spectator finds himself pleased or satisfied in front of a picture or a building or a statue, he wants to find a reason for his pleasure and satisfaction and instead of saying 'This picture has established a contact between myself and another human being and taught me to see through his eyes and to share his vision', which is the right reason, and a very good reason, he tends to say, 'This picture is beautiful; I really must find out exactly what beauty is, so that I can be sure of recognising it when I see it, and perhaps even produce a bit of it myself', which is the wrong reason, and a shockingly bad reason. And if proof were needed that it is the wrong reason, you have only to remember that every artist who has copied the spirit of another artist's work without adding anything of his own, thinking to himself, 'Here is a man who has produced beauty; let me produce some more of the same', has been a bad and uninteresting artist.

If beauty is produced by expressing æsthetic excitement in terms of a medium, it is time we got to know something about the medium. It is all very well to talk airily about having personal æsthetic experiences, but surely what is quite as import-

ant is the process of making them visible. I do not mean processes like the preparation of canvas, the selection of stone, the grinding of pigments, the sharpening of chisels, the choosing of brushes and the mixing of paint. These things, important as they are to the artist, are only fit subjects for interested curiosity on the part of the spectator. They do not affect the relationship between the artist and his public, which is what we are trying to find out about. But there is a side of this question which does affect the public's understanding of the artist, and that is the perpetual interplay between vision and medium. What is it that originally leads an artist to choose one particular medium from among the many hundreds open to him—for there literally are hundreds? For men working in black and white there is pencil, pen and ink, wood engraving, steel engraving, etching, dry point, lithograph, aquatint, mezzotint, and so on. For men working in colour there is water-colour, tempera, oil-colour, fresco, and various mixtures of these processes. Each process has its own particular advantages. For instance, an etcher can get a more sensitive line than an engraver, but an engraver can get a firmer and steadier line than an etcher. Water-colour can have a charm that oil painting cannot achieve; oil painting is capable of a richness quite beyond the scope of water-colour, and so on. So what originally makes an artist choose his medium is his type of vision. An artist who rejoices in the surfaces of things, their solidness, their smooth-



—while this carving by Henry Moore, in *lignum vitae* wood, shows the sculptor expressing static harmony and simplicity in a hard material
From 'Henry Moore' (Zwemmer)

ness and so on, will tend to become a sculptor, while one who loves the colours or patterns of things will become a painter. An artist like van Gogh, whose vision was violently stimulated by colour, will naturally choose to be an oil painter. Or one who sees things primarily as an arabesque of delicate line and pattern, as Botticelli did, will choose tempera. A sculptor who has a strong feeling for rugged expression of character and wants his statues to be vibrating with life and movement will use clay or wax like Epstein or Rodin, and one who sees them as solid

and rather static architectural forms will carve them in granite or stone or hard wood like Henry Moore or Eric Gill.

It is just at this moment that the real fun begins. Having chosen his medium, the artist finds that another quite unexpected set of forces has come into operation. He has, as it were, called upon his medium to help him to express his vision, and he finds that instead of having got hold of a servant, he has

artists like Giotto or Blake or Stanley Spencer. Van Gogh had it almost by good luck because his vision was not only a painter's vision, it was also a 'painty' vision. He saw his world in a way that was easily translatable into paint. But to most artists this translating does not come so easily. One of two things has to happen. Either vision has to adjust itself to the demands of the medium or the medium has to lose some of its essential character in its endeavour to fit the vision, but usually a compromise takes place in which the artist's vision is actually altered and distorted by the way the medium imposes itself on him.

There are some critics who would point out that an artist's vision or experience is a secret thing which can only be known to us by means of the finished picture or statue, and that the finished picture or statue is the only evidence we possess or can possess of what was in the artist's mind when he made it, and that we have no right to make guesses at what a picture would have been like had the artist been able to make his paint or his stone behave differently. That seems to me like saying that you cannot tell what sort of physique a man has if he is wearing clothes. It is quite clear that many an artist has set out to achieve a certain effect and that the limitations of his medium have altered that effect, and even that the delightful qualities of his medium have added new beauty to that effect. We know, for instance, that the architects of the Gothic Cathedrals of France in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were always trying to build their vaulted roofs higher and higher and make their stained glass windows larger and larger and their supporting piers slenderer and slenderer, and that they were tied down by the refusal of their medium to stand more than a certain strain, and that in one case at least, at Beauvais, they tried to make their vision go beyond the power of the medium to express it, so that the whole structure came tumbling down about their ears. There you have a definite instance where the thing the architect had in his mind's eye and the thing he finally produced were different; and different simply because the medium refused to be forced into unnatural channels.

If that sort of thing can happen when an artist is refusing to

himself become the servant of a rather unyielding master. Paint or stone have little ways of their own which do not always fit in with the artist's own plans, and so a perpetual series of adjustments between the way the medium wants to behave and the way the artist wants it to behave must take place, and that is what is known as technique. Technique (that favourite word of art critics) consists *not* in controlling the medium, as is so often supposed, but in knowing how far to let it control itself. It is not, for instance, a question of making paint look like sunflowers, but of letting it look to some extent like paint. If an artist can do that he has added an entirely new set of virtues to his art. We got a glimpse of this process last week when we were discussing the painting of the background of van Gogh's 'Sunflowers'. We saw how he deliberately emphasised the paintiness and juicy creaminess of his paint to help him out, and thereby obtained quite a new effect. Some artists have been wizards of that sort of thing. Franz Hals, for instance, Rembrandt's contemporary, did some of the liveliest portraits ever painted, portraits which make almost any other painter's work look dead, and expressionless in comparison. Sir William Orpen's portrait of Dame Madge Kendal in the Tate Gallery is a modern instance of the same sort of wizardry. But if you come to analyse it you discover that what makes it so lively and fascinating is not the painter's insight into his sitter's character, but his uncanny understanding of paint. Orpen and his brush always seemed to understand each other so well. He is like a great batsman who seems to be one with his bat; and being so, he never needs to force his brush work. But you cannot expect that sort of brilliance to occur very often in the world of art. And on the whole it is a good thing that it should not. Brilliant technicians *are* brilliant because their vision is not quite strong enough or personal enough to quarrel with the medium. That delicious sense of the paintiness of paint is hardly ever found in artists with a strong personal vision,



Poussin's study for *The Massacre of the Innocents*

W. F. Mansell



The Massacre of the Innocents

W. F. Mansell

be dominated by his medium, it must happen still more when he is letting his medium have some of its own way with him. You can sometimes actually see it happen when you compare an artist's study for a picture in one medium with the picture which is completed in another. For instance, look at the two illustrations by Poussin reproduced here. The first one is

a quick sketch in pen and ink, in which he is trying out the general arrangement of the subject. The second is the finished picture. Perhaps I was a little inaccurate when I spoke of an artist modifying his vision to suit his medium. What really happens, I think, is that the medium does something to his vision. It may merely stimulate it in certain directions or send it off at a tangent. Obviously one of the things Poussin wanted to get into his picture was violent movement, and it is quite clear that pen and ink gave him the power to see and express movement. (I say 'see' and express because no artist can possibly express what he cannot see. Whatever he does on canvas or paper or in marble or sound must first have existed in his mind's eye or his mind's ear.) It is equally clear that oil paint robbed him of some of that power to express movement—there is obviously far more vigour in the sketch than in the picture—but gave him the power to see and express solidity and balance of masses which are quite absent from the sketch, but which were equally in his mind's eye. I am sure that if Poussin had done more work in pen and ink of this kind we should think of him as a much more dashing and lively person than we do.

There is another and rather curious proof of the influence of medium on vision and that is the fact that whenever a new medium has been discovered, presently—not at once, but soon afterwards—artists begin to discover new aspects of nature to express by its means. For example, when oil paints were invented the first pictures painted in the new medium—those of van Eyck—were very like the pictures in tempera that immediately preceded them. They were very careful and precise and they emphasised, as all European painting had emphasised up to that time, the outlines and the shapes, the linear aspect of things. Colour had until then invariably been regarded as something with which you filled in a space bounded by an outline, but under the influence of the new medium it soon—in the hands of the Venetians—began to

find itself expressing an entirely new set of truths. It began to express surfaces instead of lines. You can see that happening in any good collection of Venetian pictures. The early ones—Bellini and Crivelli and so on—still think of colour as defining the shapes of things. The later ones—Titian, Veronese and Tintoretto—thought of it as something expressing the surface of things. The whole outlook of artists had changed, and soon outlines which had once been precise and emphatic became soft and blurred. Colour which had once been flat and decorative became filled with dancing lights and sombre shadows. Artists began to notice differences of texture like those of velvet, satin, flesh, stone, and to express these differences in the new medium. Artistic vision began to get excited about these things, and by the time we get to the seventeenth century this new consciousness of surface and the new neglect of outline had so got into the blood of European artists that even when they were using a medium like pen and ink where you would expect outline to be all important the outline somehow gets softened and neglected and disguised. Look at almost any seventeenth-century pen-and-wash drawing and you will see how every outline has been softened or even cancelled out, either by covering it with a dark shadow or by making the wash of paint either overlap it or stop short of it. Compare such a drawing with one by, say, Dürer and it will be seen how a new habit of mind had been engendered by the discovery and use of oil paint even when the artist was not actually employing that medium.

It is hardly surprising that it should have been so. Whenever you use a new tool you begin to engender a new habit of mind. If you are constantly practising shooting at a rifle range you get into the habit of judging distances. If you are constantly using a steel engraver's burin you get into the habit of seeing things in terms of line, and if you are constantly painting in oils you begin to see things in terms of surface.

Science in the Making

More About Heavy Water

By Dr. A. S. RUSSELL

A BRAHAM LINCOLN used to say that God must be very fond of common people—He makes so many of them. In a similar way we in chemistry have long known He must be very fond of water—there is so much of it about. What we did not realise till quite recently was that there is something in it which is neither common nor commonplace. Unexpectedly it has shown us traces of a quite new thing—discovered by Professor Urey and his colleagues in the United States, a discovery which gained him a Nobel Prize at Stockholm last December.

The real interest in heavy water is not in the new facts about it which will get in time into the books and into our heads. It lies partly in the way it was discovered and partly in its promise to help us in the attack on difficulties in pure science which till now have had to be solved—if you can talk about 'solving' them—by surmise or by just guess. You realise, don't you, that the great thing in science today is technique? We workers are, of course, a wonderful lot, but we don't really believe we are intrinsically much better than the men of the past. One of the reasons why we score is our numbers. We have more leaders of ability than ever; there are more of us in the rank-and-file shovelling—doing the spade work. But our greatest asset is technique. We have accumulated a wonderful store of instruments, processes, dodges, methods of using facts and, I hope, wisdom. And there is a fine spirit abroad. In pure science even the best is not good enough. Anything like heavy water which promises to help us to improve on the best of today is a good thing.

You know that the formula for water is H_2O , which means, of course, that every unit of water has two atoms of hydrogen to one of oxygen. Now, no-one is going to destroy our belief in this simple fact; heavy water is also H_2O ; there is no water which is not H_2O . You know that the gaseous form of water is steam and the solid ice. You know that water freezes at 32 degrees Fahrenheit or 0 degrees Centigrade, and boils in

ordinary circumstances at 212 degrees or 100 degrees according to the scale you are on. You know also that if an electric current goes through water, with a little acid or alkali in it to speed things up, hydrogen gas comes off at one pole—the negative, actually—and oxygen at the other, the positive one. In the accumulator the water in the acid gets used up when the accumulator gets overcharged. You get gassing. And gassing is just the oxygen and the hydrogen from the water produced by the current. You need to renew the water in the acid from time to time because it becomes used up by being split into the hydrogen and oxygen gases which escape.

In inorganic chemistry, which is my subject, we are often assured by organic chemists that our interest in the weights of atoms is almost maniacal. We don't think so. Accuracy has never done any part of science permanent harm! When we think of the weights of atoms we never visualise their actual weights; that would mean an enormous number of noughts after the decimal point before we got to a significant figure. We take instead the weight of the atom of oxygen as 16 and refer the weight of all other atoms to this as standard. On this scale the weight of hydrogen is 1, so that the unit of water H_2O weighs 18, two ones and sixteen being eighteen. In heavy water each of the hydrogen atoms weighs 2, so that the weight of the unit becomes 20—two twos and a sixteen. This is the heavy water that scientists are talking about. Actually, however, there are other varieties, about as rare compared with ordinary heavy water as heavy water is with the ordinary stuff. One is worth mentioning. It has hydrogen weighing 1 and oxygen not 16 but 18. Its unit, therefore, weighs 20, the same as the other, but it is made up of two ones and an eighteen.

The gist of this business is first that atoms of a particular element need not all have the same weight, and that in nature the atoms of hydrogen may weigh 2 as well as 1, the atoms of oxygen 18 and even 17 as well as 16. These particulars are recent, but the general point is not new. It dates from about

1913. Before that time the weight of an atom was considered its most characteristic, its most fundamental property. Anyone before then who had said that an element might have atoms of more than one weight would have been told he was talking nonsense. And rightly. For there was no experimental evidence that he wasn't talking nonsense. But about 1913 a large number of the very heaviest elements were found to have, in fact, atoms differing slightly in weight. Atoms of one kind of lead found in nature weighed 206; atoms of another kind weighed 208. These were, it is true, very special kinds of leads, but they were lead all right. The common or plumbers' lead had atoms which weighed just a little more than 207. The old guard who believed that an element was a mass of absolutely identical atoms couldn't and consequently didn't believe these results; those who accepted them eventually suffered pain in the process. Now an interesting thing happened. The very people who had appeared as zealots in upsetting the old idea of an element became conservative; they didn't believe that this variety in weight extended to all elements; they rather fancied it was a property of the particular, very heavy, elements in which they were interested. Dr. Aston, with a new technique, had to show that what these others had revealed in the heaviest elements was the property of nearly all. For example, some atoms of chlorine were found to weigh 35, others 37; some of silver 107, others 109. But quite a fair number of elements stood outside. Hydrogen had one kind of atom only weighing 1, carbon one kind weighing 12, nitrogen one kind weighing 14, oxygen one kind weighing 16. If these elements had other kinds they must exist in very small quantities indeed. They could not be found by the technique that had answered so magnificently for the majority of the elements. A third set of workers now appeared, this time in the United States. Their instruments were the spectroscope and the photographic plate. They showed there was a rare form of carbon weighing 13, a rare one of nitrogen weighing 15, and two rare forms of oxygen weighing 17 and 18. But hydrogen was not included in this bag. And most people, I think, were sure that hydrogen would never get into the bag. For if there was another kind of hydrogen atom it would have to weigh 2, and really the idea of one atom of an element being twice the weight of another seemed ludicrous. A 5, a 10, even a 15 per cent. difference in the weights of atoms of one element might be endured, but one jibbed at 100 per cent. And then, when everything threatening the simplicity of hydrogen was being quietly pigeonholed, a discrepancy in the densities of hydrogen and oxygen was unexpectedly found. There was a possibility that in ordinary hydrogen, atoms weighing 2 to the extent of about 1 in four or five thousand might exist. Professor Urey looked with his spectroscope for the evidence of the suspected new atom in a place predicted by theory. He found it. The spectroscopic lines were in the right place and in about the right intensity. What a joy he must have had when he found the prediction verified!

Now there is one thing I have yet to mention. It is simple fact that an element may have atoms of more than one weight, but the atoms are otherwise so alike that separation into the different weights cannot be done. A clean separation of one kind from the rest has never been done. We know that lead weighing 207 is a mixture of atoms of 206, 208 and so on. But it is one thing to know this; quite another to do something about it. What I have said about lead applies to all elements except hydrogen. For shortly after Professor Urey had discovered hydrogen weighing 2 he found that if you passed an electric current through water one kind of hydrogen was quite fairly well separated from the other. This observation amazed chemists at the time. Professor Lewis in California, taking up the work, showed that the more you electrolysed water away by splitting it up into hydrogen and oxygen, the more concentrated was what was left in heavy water—the water whose molecule has each of its atoms weighing not 1 but 2.

He reduced an enormous volume to a very small one in this way and found the small volume was nearly pure heavy water—oxygen weighing 16, each of the hydrogens weighing 2. This stuff was 10 per cent. denser than ordinary water. It froze more readily; it was harder to boil away. It was a piece of good fortune that the best way of separating the hydrogens should have been found so soon. It was found in fact before the conservative element had time to write to

Professor Urey or to Professor Lewis to assure them it couldn't be done!

The value of these discoveries was greatly enhanced by a third one. It was found that if heavy water was placed in contact with a chemical compound containing hydrogen, the hydrogen swapped; a hydrogen atom in the compound could come off and a heavy hydrogen from the heavy water could take its place. This observation was a godsend to those who wanted to make with ease compounds containing heavy hydrogen instead of ordinary hydrogen. You could start with sulphuric acid, H_2SO_4 , and convert part of it into a new sulphuric acid in which one or both of the hydrogens was now heavy hydrogen. Then you had a lovely piece of work in front of you seeing how this new acid differed from the old. You could see what the heavy atom was doing; whether it was sluggish as befitted a heavy fellow, or whether it was surprising you by being nippier than ordinary hydrogen. Benzene, which is the principal thing in benzol mixtures, has the formula C_6H_6 . You can actually make twelve other compounds, all benzene, in which 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 heavy hydrogens replace the ordinary ones. All this hasn't yet been done, but some of these 'crank' forms of benzene have been made, and their behaviour has thrown great light on the important question in pure science of how benzene reacts with other chemical compounds. We can keep our eye, so to speak, on a reaction in which a heavy hydrogen gets torn off, when we would be in the dark if we were working with ordinary hydrogen. The heavy hydrogen acts like an atom of hydrogen marked by us with a cross. It acts as an indicator of how the compounds behave.

Hydrogen and carbon are constituents of compounds which can be numbered by the hundred thousand. One is appalled by the complexity which the discovery of the new atoms of hydrogen and carbon will introduce into them. There can be, I am told, 169 forms of the simple substance benzene. But multiplying compounds is not the game at present. The new hydrogen is now simply being used as an indicator of what is occurring when compounds react. It is beginning to open our eyes, as I have briefly indicated, to things which till now have had to be guessed in the dark.

The other day the papers had an account of a Swedish Professor who drank a small volume of heavy water and wasn't poisoned. He drank actually only about one-fiftieth of a pint. When someone has swallowed, say, half-a-pint, then we may know something really about its poisonous properties. Still, we are glad he wasn't poisoned. It would be an awful thought that one day we might have to sign the poison book at the chemist's before buying heavy water. What a blow to temperance!

A new book dealing with the subject of heavy water has just appeared under the title *Ortho-Hydrogen, Para-Hydrogen, and Heavy Hydrogen*, by A. Farkas (Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d.)

Forthcoming Music

'THE TUPPENY-HA'PENNY OPERA: a Work specially Written for Beggars' is to be performed at the B.B.C. Concert of Contemporary Music in the Concert Hall at Broadcasting House on Friday, February 8. This German version of 'The Beggar's Opera', made by Kurt Weill and Bert Brecht, which was first performed in Berlin in 1925—exactly two hundred years after the first performance of the original in London—follows the familiar story closely, although only one of the melodies is repeated from 'The Beggar's Opera'. The English translation to be given on Friday, has been adapted by C. Denis Freeman, and the B.B.C. Orchestra will be conducted by Edward Clark.

Duets for one pianoforte form an item in the National programme on Thursday, February 7, when Alec Rowley and Edgar Moy are to give half-an-hour's recital of Grieg's 'Waltz-Caprices', 'Norwegian Dances' and 'Two Symphonic Pieces'.

Scottish, Irish and Welsh national music have all been accorded a place in the microphone arrangements for this week. At 7.30 tonight a concert of Scottish songs and dances will be broadcast in the Scottish and Regional programmes. On Friday, West listeners will hear a concert of unpublished works by Welsh musicians under the title of 'In Manuscript'; and from Northern Ireland on Saturday comes a short recital of Irish dance music.

The Way to God

How Jesus Christ Lived

By the Rev. Father C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

AT the outset I will ask to affirm my belief that Jesus Christ, of whom I am to speak, and whom we call our 'Lord', is True Man, True God; the accredited Spokesman of God to our race, in whatsoever period of time or area of space; and the sole Saviour of mankind. So I say 'is', not 'was'; for to those who thus believe, He is not just someone, however noble and inspiring, who existed long ago, but alive now, One with the Father, yet man as truly as we are men; with whom we are, or can be, in personal communion.

Being this today, He yet lived upon this earth of ours only between certain dates, and upon a certain space of soil, in one land, at one period of history. In all human ways, He was indistinguishable from His fellow-men. He was born of a human mother, and died a human death—He was hungry, and tired, and He slept. If it be human indeed to be born, and to die—well, we don't remember our birth; and we have yet to experience the unique event of dying; but we do know what it is to need to eat; and what it is to want to lay our bones down and go to sleep. He did not need, St. John says, though speaking of His divine knowledge, that 'any man should tell Him . . .', because 'He knew what was in man'. He knew it too, because He was it—He *was* true man: and from His manhood's life, we begin.

The Land He was Born Into

He was born into a tiny land, of infinite variety. From the mountains in the south you can see those of the north; from a score of points you can see the whole of Palestine at once. It was a land with an enormous history—a land that loved to remember its past, but that looked always forward to a God-promised future. That future meant, for the Jews, the Day of God, the Triumph of God. A Kingdom, starting from, and centred in, themselves. At first, the Kingdom and its King—the Oriental cannot separate the two—had been thought of almost wholly, though never quite, in terms of national aggrandisement. The pagans were to be once and for all evicted from the land, and the Anointed King was to reign from Jerusalem, in uncontaminated power, over his people. As time went on, and disaster upon disaster fell upon the Jews, and, you may almost say, the Land became a City, and the City a Shrine, the vision spiritualised itself at least for a minority. The Kingdom was to be one of Righteousness; it should have neither territorial frontier, nor limit in duration. All the heathens should 'walk in its light'. But this vision was confined to a few; to the 'poor and humble of heart', as they were almost technically called. The mass of the Jews were bitterly hostile to the most recent of their pagan governors, the Romans; and contemptuous of the 'Gentiles', that is, all non-Jews, the 'pagans'. And they were led by men who could not help them spiritually. There was a small group of 'Zealots', who really stood for armed revolution. There were the Essenes, who preached an almost fanatical aloofness and asceticism. There were the Scribes, who worked out in minutest detail all those exterior customs and rules of ritual life which he who could, *ought* to observe; and the Pharisees, 'Separates', who claimed that they *did* observe them; and so, if they did, were all too apt to look down on those who didn't; and if they did not, perforce were hypocrites; and there were the Sadducees, who wanted to make the Jewish land and people as like all other 'cultured' people as they could, and to wash out everything that made the Jews different from the rest of the polite world—hope of personal immortality included.

In the south of this strange country the Message of God was sent to the husband of an aged woman, Elizabeth, that she should be the mother of the Forerunner of the prayed-for Messiah, the Anointed Rescuer and longed-for King; and, in the north-country, Galilee—rough, turbulent and simple-minded—God's Angel visited, too, a child of Nazareth, Mary; she was told that she should, if she would, be Mother of that King Himself. She accepted her unique high destiny; the two

children, John and Jesus, were born, of the aged wife and of the Virgin, and for thirty years almost unbroken silence falls upon both of them.

Suddenly John, the Baptist, appeared—haggard with long fasting in the wilderness where he had lived; blackened with the sun; dressed, as the prophets of old had been, only in camel-hide; leaping on to rocks by the Jordan caravan-routes and crying that the Kingdom was at hand; that men must repent if they were to be fit to meet the King, and dipping them in the river as symbol of that spiritual cleansing. The rough crowds flocked to him; so did the educated, more or less sincerely. They asked him whether he was the Christ; he answered, No; only His herald. The day came when Jesus mingled among the crowd and asked the Baptist to baptise Him, too. Overwhelmed by the sense of holiness with which Jesus inspired him, John obeyed but reluctantly, and was rewarded by the sign from heaven that assured him, in spite of this initial act of self-effacement, that here *was* the Messiah Himself. But immediately Jesus again effaced Himself, and disappeared into the wilderness.

There He underwent that mysterious experience that we know as the Testing, or Temptation. Briefly, two paths were set before Him—neither precisely wrongful; but one, out of keeping with that life so utterly like our life, so *quite* without self-favouritism, that He had chosen. Weary as He was, He would work no miracle on His own behalf: He would make no flamboyant apparition, as Messiah, in the Temple: the 'kingdoms of this world' were not what He proposed to win. And in fact, He soon went quietly back to Galilee, having made a first acquaintance with some of the men who were, one day, to become His companions, His steadfast preachers, and to die for Him; and there, back at Nazareth, He resumed His trade. At last He came forward—but as any adult man who could read Hebrew had the right to do, in His own synagogue at Nazareth, on a Sabbath, and read from Isaiah: 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me; because He hath anointed Me to preach good tidings to the poor, and hath sent Me to announce freedom to the prisoners, and sight to the blind'. Then He sat down, and commented on these words and those that followed. But as yet He made no full proclamation of Himself. In fact, even when He went over the hills to Capernaum by the Lake, and gradually into all the synagogues of Galilee, working His lovely miracles of healing upon sick bodies and upon suffering minds, He was all this while doing little more than preparing men's *wills*, seeking to 'change their hearts', so that when the moment for the giving of His full message should arrive, they should be able to hear it. For if the will be set against the truth, no argument, no pleading, can ever win acceptance for it. You may regard this first part of His preaching as summed up in the Sermon on the Mount, the beginning of which was, rather, a private instruction or explanation of His principles to the men He had called to be His future apostles.

Turning Men's Thoughts Inward

First, He was trying to turn men's thoughts inward, away from the mere breaking of a law, to the interior state of mind which is the fountain of exterior acts. 'You have heard that it was said to them of old. . . Thou shalt not murder; thou shalt not commit adultery—but *I* say to you . . .' And He insisted that the interior mood of hate—the lustful wish consented to—were what must also, and primarily, be corrected; the *innermost mind* was what had to be made right. And He went further: one should not keep one's eye only upon sin, even to avenge it, even to avoid it, but upon God, our heavenly Father, who loves us; that we may please Him. And certainly, he who is seeking to please God, because he loves Him, has a changed heart indeed, if he had hitherto but sought not to break God's laws out of fear! See then the deep-probing nature of this first preaching. It seeks, not indeed to abolish the eternal moral law, nor to make men think lightly of

exterior right behaviour, but to change men's minds across from the negative to the positive; from the outside correctness of action, to interior purity of intention and desire; from fear, to love. And this indeed was 'how He lived' Himself. Never one action done, one word spoken, for the sake of exterior effect; it was because of what He *was*, that He spoke so movingly, and acted so unselfishly; there was in Him no fear of anything, because His was a life that loved, and loved everything—God first; and for God's sake all that God loved—and to that love there was no limit. 'If you do good to them only who do good to us—how are you better than the pagans? Even they do that!'

Parables of the Kingdom

In the second part of His preaching, He moved forward to the topic of the Kingdom, speaking always gently, and in 'parables', stories such as the Jews delighted in, and such as could help them to guess, at least in the rough, so to say, His meaning, which might have shocked them and scared them away, had He said at once and in so many words that God's Kingdom had nothing to do with nationalism, with pride of race, or with the eviction of the pagans and the destruction of the Roman power. That Triumph of God was to begin almost infinitesimally small—like the tiny mustard seed of Palestine, which could grow into a sturdy tree: for long its action should be interior, like that of yeast, hiddenly leavening the great mass of dough. Indeed, it might seem, at times, not to be working at all, like the seed in the exquisite little parable recorded by St. Mark alone—the man sows the seed and leaves it, and he sleeps, and he wakes, and the sun shines and the rains fall and nothing seems to happen; then, on a sudden, over the red earth a glamour of delicate green! Even when the Kingdom was developing, and visible, it should not at once be what one would call the 'ideal'—the net was to contain fish wholesome, but also poisonous; the field had in it weeds as well as wheat, and the two should grow together till the harvest. None the less, so precious was the possession by any man of that Kingdom, the Triumph of God *in him*, that he should sell all that he had to buy that hidden treasure, and sacrifice everything else for the sake of the one pearl. The Kingdom, then, was something visible, yet invisible; to be earned, yet a gift; present and yet future; to be consummated indeed 'in heaven', yet inaugurated upon earth—Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth even as it is in heaven. Christ was no dreamer, despairing of this world, and asking us to transfer the whole of our hopes and our affections into the other world.

True, it was not by means of weapons of this world that the Kingdom should come into existence even in this world. Not gold; not force. The quiet, the self-effacing, self-forgetful; the pure in heart—those whom the world could never satisfy and were therefore scorned, hated and persecuted by the world, which is always angry when men suggest that it is not good *enough*—should 'inherit' that new earth, should indeed be satisfied, and should see God. And again, that is how He lived; He did not 'strive nor cry'—that means, argue angrily, shout opponents down—He came 'eating and drinking', just like ordinary men, so that those who had criticised the Baptist for his fierce asceticism, now sneered at Christ because He was 'at all points' like ourselves—only, without sin. 'Which of you convicteth me of sin?' And indeed, little as our Lord says about, for example, the virtue of purity (though what He does say is as austere as it is understanding), a spirit of freshness, of holiness, breathes throughout the Gospels such as to make them for ever and wholly different from any other documents in the world's literature.

The Principles of His Life and Teaching

Hence, if you look well, our Lord preached no theory of State-Government or politics; yet He provided principles which should issue into the only true peace, union, and universal brotherhood of men: He had no theory of art, yet He fell, if I may say so, into a little ecstasy over the loveliness of the wild-flowers that God so wonderfully dressed; and if He saw that no little sparrow 'falls to earth without your Father', could we imagine that He, the Father's perfect representative on earth, did not care with intimate delicate love for any of God's animals? In the wilderness, He was 'with the

beasts'; believe me, He had no fear of them, nor they of Him. He set forth no programme of philanthropy: yet, once you love God as He did, the whole of that paganism which kept women, or children, or slaves under the heel of the strong, is annihilated from within—it dies out automatically, which it will never do under pressure of mere legal enactments. Where love reigns, justice, that rigid minimum of rightness; will assuredly be done! Christ *identifies* Himself with the hungry, the lonely, the destitute, even with the prisoner; and he who serves such persons, serves Himself. 'You did it unto Me'. Ugly and even guilty as mankind may be, if you see it as loved by God, you, too, will love, serve and regenerate it. He, who offered as the climax of the proofs for the truth of His words and transcendence of His personality, the fact that the 'poor' were having the 'good news' preached to them, was never false to that claim. He broke no bruised reed, nor quenched the smouldering wick. The leper burst all the bounds that should have held him aloof, ran to our Lord, and put his arms about Him, and felt His hands upon his shoulders. The scorned and hated tax-collector was called by Him to His company, and He Himself went to Matthew's house that all men held polluted and polluting, and dined with him, and the riff-raff of guests whom alone the poor man had been able to invite. In the pagan officer He descried more faith than He had met with even in Israel; His perfect purity had no fear whatsoever of the prostitute's touch, or of her tears upon His feet. He defined Himself as having come to seek and to save that which was lost—if out of all the flock one sheep went straying, He left the others, and sought for the one 'until He found it', and brought it home upon His shoulders, rejoicing, and all heaven shared in His joy. The woman, hunting for her poor little lost coin; the shepherd risking his life for the one silly sheep; above all, the Lost Son, the Prodigal who had gone into a 'far country', a long way from his home and his innocence, and had wasted—so they cruelly but doubtless truly said—his living among rioters and harlots, but who came back, broken and too humbled even to expect to be received as a son once more but only as a slave, yet who felt his Father's arms about his neck and his kiss upon his cheek, and was more than reinstated as a son—all these were but material for the simple stories narrated by our Lord in which we can see, what He never underlined, that it was Himself who was being spoken of, and that he who came to Him should 'in no wise be cast out'.

No Softness in this Doctrine

Do not mistake me. There is no softness in this doctrine: no easy condonation of sin; no suggestion that everything will be all right in the end, whatever we think, whatever we do. Remember, at this point, that first grave doctrine; that the thought of hate, or of lust, consented to, is already the murder, the adultery; that he who scorns his fellow-man is fit for the wrath and condemnation of no human court merely, able to punish public insults, but of God Himself; and that the true child of God must learn to love and do good to his very enemy, because, enemy or not, that man shares with him God's loving Fatherhood. But it is in the next talk that we shall see this more clearly. Let it suffice at present to have recalled that the way in which Christ lived was a human way; that having taken up our human nature, He did so thoroughly. He lived the life of a little boy, and of a grown youth, and of a working man, and exempted Himself from nothing proper to those ages and conditions. He loved His country, and His own part of it—the blue lake, and the fields, and the changes of the seasons upon them, and the steep and solitary mountains, yes, and the little houses of His friends—and after all, to have friends is itself a deeply human thing. But always, always it was to the invisible that He called men back; to the interior and the spiritual; to God. Seek first the Kingdom of God, and all those other things shall be added to you—so far as you any more may want them. In proportion as the Kingdom of God triumphs in individuals, in families, in society at large, *happiness* too will triumph within them, and that is the way in which we may trust for a better future, and not by way of wars, nor even Acts of Parliament, nor the amassing of wealth, nor the squandering of it in pleasures. Desire to live as He lived, and He certainly will guide your feet into His paths, which though rugged enough till your very soul may bleed, are yet the only paths that can lead you, and the world, to peace.

Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcasts

Ribbon Development

YOU ALL KNOW that our thoroughfares are now far more dangerous to life and limb than the railways. Yet while we should never dream of allowing houses to be built right up against unfenced railway tracks, we look on passively while every year mile after mile of houses are strung out along our unfenced arterial roads, and this in spite of the fact that seventy-five per cent. of the seven thousand deaths which are now annually occasioned on the roads occur, as the Minister of Transport told the House of Commons last Spring, in built up areas. We know that in streets children run straight out into the traffic, that in streets the houses get the dust, the noise, the vibration and the glare of the headlights at night, that in streets, tradesmen's vans must stop and turn to minister to the needs of the residents, and that standing and turning vehicles, blocking the highway, increase the danger to the motorist and pedestrian. Nevertheless, ribboning goes on serenely all the time. The first and greatest objection, then, to ribbon development is that it is a serious cause of death and injury on the roads.

Secondly, the ribbons are spoiling the landscape. I know that tastes differ. Some people may prefer to have the town extend its long fingers into the country, so that from the road nothing is seen of the fields and woods on either side. But those who really enjoy nature will not be of this opinion, but will hold that a well-planned village lying back from the main road is a pleasanter feature in the landscape than a straight line of houses screening the thoroughfare from the country behind them. Yet, however widely this view may be entertained, it will inevitably happen that unless a great number of people in and out of Parliament are willing to bestir themselves, we shall before long wake up to an England of almost continuous streets. The mere fact that Government has announced its intention of dealing with the problem will greatly quicken the pace of ribbon building.

In the eighteenth century, when industry was young, we might have covered the north of England with beautiful towns, but our forefathers were inattentive to beauty, and allowed the great industrial cities in the north to grow up huge and shapeless. Now we are witnessing the speedy defacement of the countryside. Urban buildings line our rural highways and all England is in the way of becoming a gigantic built up area, within which, that he may reduce a yearly loss of over 7,000 lives upon the roads, the Minister of Transport now proposes to enforce a speed limit of thirty miles an hour.

Thirdly, ribbon development, like many other things which offer cheap and immediate attractions, is expensive in the long run. The ultimate cost of providing the essential services, gas, water, drainage, light, to a ribbon is enormously greater than if the same number of people were housed in well-planned townships or garden cities. There may be a quick profit to the frontage owner or the builder, but in the long run a large additional cost is imposed on the community.

Finally, there is an objection which will appeal to the motorists. Our new arterial roads are very costly. They are constructed at an average cost of £35,000 per mile, and mainly out of motor taxation. In a word, while it is the motorist who pays for the road, the frontage owner selling for ribbon development secures the enhanced profit which the road creates. To this, the motorist might be indifferent but for the fact that while he pays for road improvement and safety, ribboning narrows the highway, obstructs the traffic, imposes delay and multiplies accidents.

On the great arterial roads, where the danger from quick traffic is at a maximum, the government should not be deterred from requiring an adequate set back and service roads because of the expense of compensating the frontage owners. The British Government has never allowed questions of this kind to interfere with the measures necessary to protect life and limb. Railway companies, mining companies, factories, theatres, are all compelled to incur expenditure in order that life may not be endangered. While something should be done to cheapen the cost of service roads to the landlord, is it too much to suggest that here the frontage owner should be asked, not indeed to incur additional expenditure, but to forgo the unearned and unexpected increments of profit which accrue to him by reason of the contributions of the motoring public, in order that the roads

may no longer be death traps, as they are at present, through the practice of ribboning?

Be this as it may, ribboning is an evil which on grounds of humanity, amenity, economy and locomotion should be made forthwith to cease.

RT. HON. H. A. L. FISHER

The A.D.C. Theatre at Cambridge

I HAVE SELDOM assisted at a less pretentious but more encouraging and inspiring theatrical ceremony than the opening of the new A.D.C. Theatre at Cambridge. With a modesty characteristic, as we all know, of Cambridge men, the young lions of the old Amateur Dramatic Club have made light of what is really a remarkable enterprise of youth in the building and fitting of this new theatre. Apart from the structure, for which they have got together some £6,000, the members have managed everything themselves. The whole of the electrical installation, the setting up of a cyclorama of which they are justly proud, and the making of properties and scenery and all the rest of it have been done as a labour of love by these young undergraduates—and it has been well done. The theatre is a clean, dignified little home of drama, with nothing tawdry about it, but not too severe. It has points of its own that are worth noting. For instance, it fulfils one of the dreams of theatrical architects in



The new A.D.C. Theatre

Architectural Review

the fact that the working of the stage is done from underneath instead of from above. The safety-curtain comes up instead of down, and the scenery is pushed through traps instead of hung from flies. If it were not for a lighting bridge there is nothing for the proscenium to hide. We come as near as anywhere in this country to that long-sought ideal—a stage clear of all mechanism from wall to wall. Thanks to unremitting labour, these innovations did both themselves and their promoters all credit on the first afternoon, when Miss Ellaline Terriss—the embodiment, as ever, of grace and freshness—waved a huge golden key symbolising the opening. The play itself, too—'The Invisible Barrier', by Mr. David Minlore—though far from being a great work, proved at least suitable to the occasion. As there are twenty-nine masculine parts and no feminine, it offered no cause for the eternal controversy as to whether actresses should be allowed or no in A.D.C. performances.

S. R. LITTLEWOOD

The Television Report

Broadcast by the Postmaster-General on January 31

THIS AFTERNOON in the House of Commons I announced an important decision of the Government on the subject of television—that latest miracle of scientific achievement which is now arousing so much interest. Last year I appointed a Committee, under the Chairmanship of Lord Selsdon, to consider the subject, and to advise me under what conditions any public television service should be established. This Committee took an immense amount of evidence; they investigated many systems of television; and they witnessed numerous demonstrations, not only in this country, but also in the United States and Germany. A week or two ago, they presented me with a unanimous Report, outlining a scheme for the beginning of a public television service; and today I have been able to announce that the Government has approved the scheme, and that steps will be taken to carry it into effect.

The conduct of the service will be entrusted to the British Broadcasting Corporation, who I know will enter upon this novel and interesting task with the same energy and keenness that they have shown in the development of sound broadcasting.

I wish, however, to emphasise that the art of television is still in its infancy, and that television broadcasting will not immediately spring into being as a general nation-wide service. There will at first be one station—located in London—which is expected to have an average range of about twenty-five miles in any direction. There are still many difficulties to be overcome; but if all goes well, the service from the London station will begin during the latter half of this year. Broadcast television will then be put to the acid test of public opinion. If, as we hope, it proves successful and popular, additional stations will be established in other large centres, until a network is built up. It will be the duty of a strong Advisory Committee to study closely the working of the first station; to investigate any suggested improvements; and to plan the gradual development of the service on the best possible lines. I am appointing this Committee at once; and I am glad to say that Lord Selsdon, who has done such valuable work on the Television Committee, has agreed to take the Chairmanship of the Advisory Committee.

It is proposed that two systems of high definition television should be tried at the London station. They would be operated alternately, but both systems of transmission would be capable of reception by the same type of receiving set.

The cost of a television receiver, giving a picture of about eight inches by six inches, would, I understand, at the outset range from £50 to £80; but as soon as receiving sets are made on a large scale, this price will no doubt be substantially reduced.

At this point, I should like to make it clear that radio receiving sets of the types now in use will not in any way be rendered obsolete by the introduction of a television service. Television will be an adjunct to sound broadcasting, and will not in any way replace it. The television service will be transmitted on ultra-short wavelengths; but the normal sound service, which is operated on medium and long wavelengths, will continue as at present; and the public can confidently buy new sets of the existing types.

What will be the nature of television programmes? It is difficult to say. Speakers, actors and artists can be televised; and, apart from studio scenes, films will be transmitted. There seems every likelihood also that it will be found possible to televise certain outdoor scenes which can be brought within a small compass, such as a tennis match, the finish of a race, or the passing of a procession. We may indeed, look forward to the time when many great events will be witnessed, not only by those who are actually present, but by great numbers of people who are sitting by their fireside.

I understand that among the letters received by the Television Committee during its investigations was one protesting against the invasion of the privacy of the writer's home by television, which it was suggested would make it possible for the outside world surreptitiously to witness what was going on inside the house. I would like to reassure any nervous listeners that, wonderful as television may be, it cannot, fortunately, be used in this way.

Broadcast television, as it is likely to emerge at first, can perhaps best be described if I ask you to imagine that in the centre of your present wireless set there was a little square of glass, on which you could now see me as I sit here in the studio at Broad-

casting House. Whether or not that particular picture would add to your enjoyment, it is not for me to suggest, but I think you will all agree that immense possibilities are opened up by this astonishing development which is now on the eve of becoming a practical reality.

You will be glad to know that there is no suggestion of an increase in the 10s. fee for the broadcast listener's licence. Nor will there be any separate licence for television reception at the start of the service, although this question will be subject to review in the light of experience. The initial costs of the service will be borne by the existing revenue from licence fees.

The year 1935 will, I believe, be notable for important events and great achievements of many kinds; but it may well be that, when the history of the year comes to be written, not the least important place will be given to the introduction during the year of this new public service of broadcast television.

RT. HON. SIR KINGSLEY WOOD

A National Theatre

OUR FOREIGN VISITORS never fail to comment upon the astonishing fact that the home of Shakespeare should be the one great country without a National Theatre. That reproach the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre Committee are now determined to remove. We first hoped to get this done in time to celebrate in 1916 the Tercentenary of Shakespeare's death. But the Great War destroyed that hope. Then came the great depression which prevented us from starting again. It will be welcomed, I hope, as an encouraging sign of returning prosperity that we now feel confident enough to launch what I hope will be our final appeal.

As a result of past efforts, we have collected £150,000. We want another £350,000, and we want it this year, in order that we may do three things at the same time: first, give British Drama a worthy home; second, give Shakespeare a living memorial in the heart of the English-speaking world; third, celebrate the Silver Jubilee of our beloved Sovereign, by placing in his capital a building which will for ever commemorate that happy event. The British Drama League is behind us in this appeal, and will help us by means of its branches throughout the country.

LORD LYTTON

Sound Unrefined

IN THE FAR-OFF DAYS OF 1929, you may remember, we simple people used to sit and watch images on a screen. And if we heard anything apart from our neighbour's comments it was an orchestra or a gramophone or, I'm afraid, an organ trying to provide music to fit—Sousa for the news-reels, Tchaikovsky for the love scenes, the Moonlight Sonata for quiet robberies. Then sound came in. And cinema artists good and bad scrambled to use it. Or rather what they scrambled to do, in a fit of relief, was to replace the cinema orchestra. Once they found that doors would slam, they were delighted to show lots of musical comedy managers losing their tempers. People picked up things for the joy of letting you hear them being put down again. But this couldn't go on for ever. And besides, a man signing a cheque sounded like an Alpine climber scaling a particularly treacherous boulder. So when the first mad era of back-stage musicals was over they thought again. The second thought, whether for better or for worse, was simply to write lots of dialogue after the stage model and then to put a microphone in front of it. And that is roughly where we are today. It is an odd fact that even quite intelligent directors have not yet thought of selecting what sound to put with the picture; though they would be appalled to let the camera show you every unnecessary bit of the story. The camera still goes on selecting, recalling, emphasising, delaying, but the microphone is there all the time. This is the curious misfit of selected image and unselected sound. My point is that a film opening in Piccadilly Circus may show you only three shots—one of a 'bus, one of the clock, another of the Statue of Eros, but you may be sure that you will hear a confusion of all the sounds that were about. Because we still have not started to refine our use of sound. A motor-horn and the stray remark of a taxi-driver might give you a much more vivid and telling notion of Piccadilly Circus than a medley of all the street noises.

ALISTAIR COOKE

Hurricane in Salvador

SALVADOR IS ONE of those little Central American Republics on the shores of the Pacific. It is only twice the size of Wales, but it contains 27 volcanoes. One of them, Yzalco, is known to sailors as the beacon of the Pacific because at night you can see its flames far out at sea. Salvador is constantly having volcanic eruptions and earthquakes and hurricanes, and sometimes even explosions.

I am going to tell you about a hurricane affair that happened last June. It was the wet season, and on June 6 the river overflowed its banks. It had been raining for some days and in the evening it just pelted down. The wind, too, increased to gale force, and by about midnight the hurricane was upon us. There is no reliable meteorological department in Salvador as far as I know, but it was said, and I can well believe it, that

shot on sight, and I may say there were plenty of soldiers about to do it, all armed with what I think are called Thomson guns—it is a sort of portable machine-gun anyway. While this curfew, so to speak, was in force quite a number of people were shot and killed—because they had taken the dog out for a walk. The idea, of course, was to prevent any looting of the many buildings which had been damaged or partly destroyed by the hurricane. The result was that for several nights you could lie in bed and listen to the staccato crackle of machine-guns which every now and then would disturb the silence.

We couldn't get any information for some days as to what had happened outside the capital. An Indian runner despatched to Sonsonate, a town about 30 miles from the capital, took two days to reach his destination, a distance which he would normally have covered in a few hours. However, news gradually trickled in, and we began to realise the magnitude of the disaster. It was said that over 3,000 people had lost their lives in the one night, mostly from drowning I suppose. A train on its way to Guatemala had disappeared altogether and was eventually found, I believe, buried in a landslide at the bottom of a mountain. In the capital the electric plant was completely submerged in mud and water. After some days, a temporary plant was installed, but this had not been in action long before a large brick wall collapsed on top of it. We didn't have much luck, you see. However, we didn't mind using candles at night nearly as much as having the food go bad because the refrigerators didn't work. In fact, food supplies ran very short for a time owing to the complete destruction of all means of communication and transport. And then there was the washing question. I told



In the wake of the hurricane: a wrecked railway in Salvador—

during the twelve hours from sunset to sunrise the rainfall measured 19 inches, while the wind at times got up to 120 miles an hour.

The noise of the storm was terrific and I don't think many people slept that night. When dawn broke the storm was still going on as hard as ever. My rooms were completely flooded, while the corridors of the hotel where I was staying looked like rivers, for they all opened on one side on to *patios* (sort of interior courtyard affairs), and so, of course, they were completely unprotected from the rain, which had been driving into them all night. The volume of water pouring down the staircases made them look like waterfalls. I discovered that the hurricane had completely destroyed the town's electric generators and also the pumping apparatus by which water was brought up from the river. Furthermore, underground pipes and mains had been washed away, so that we were in the ironical situation of having half the buildings in the town flooded with water, but at the same time not being able to get a drop of water to drink. During the morning the storm abated and in the late afternoon it was possible to venture outside. The streets were mostly under water and were full of fallen trees and garden walls, to say nothing of roofs and even the ruins of entire houses which had collapsed during the night. I managed to get as far as the Club, where a few venturesome spirits were exchanging news. All communications had been cut off during the night and it was impossible to know how the rest of the country had got on. We found out that both railways (there are only two lines in Salvador) were washed away and that the road down to the port of La Libertad had suffered a similar fate. In the early evening the news came round that martial law had been declared and that the Government had fixed prices for basic foodstuffs. No one was allowed outside after nine o'clock at night. If you did go out you ran the risk of being



—and uprooted trees and branches carried down from the plantations to the seashore

Photographs: G. V. Richdale

you that the water mains had gone and what walls there were had fallen in, so that we had no water, even for washing. I used eau-de-cologne: washed, shaved and cleaned my teeth in it. But my goodness, you can imagine what the people were like who couldn't afford, or didn't bother about, such luxuries as a wash. Still worse, though, was the constant threat of an outbreak of typhoid or of some other tropical fever. San Salvador is a progressive little town, but when there had been no water down the drains for something like six weeks I can tell you the whole place had a decidedly unpleasant sort of smell.

The Government was quickly on the job of repairing the damage. Within a fortnight it was possible to get a car down to the port of La Libertad again if you didn't mind being jolted and bumped about. I went down there myself, and I was glad I went because the beach was really quite an amazing sight. I should perhaps explain here that coffee grows on bushes which are sheltered from the rays of the sun by big trees called shade trees. These things have very shallow roots, so that when the rain had washed the soil away from them the wind just rooted

them up, and they came down in tens of thousands. The mountain streams were full of them, and as they were swept along they carried away bridges, buildings and any old thing which happened to be in front of them. Eventually they were all washed out to sea and then thrown back on the beach. The result was that all along the coast there was a barrier of dead trees, which in many places was, I should think, twenty feet wide and fifteen feet deep.

Postal services were established with the interior of the country by means of planes, which dropped their bags of mail on to the villages and towns as they flew over, and picked up fresh mail on the end of a sort of long pole with a hook on it. It struck me as being rather like tent-pegging in an aerial gymkhana. The roads were cleared of debris and, where necessary, were rebuilt, and as the weeks went on we began to resume our normal life. They are still working on the railways, I believe, and I suppose it will be several years before Salvador completely recovers from the devastation caused in that one night.

G. V. RICHDALE

Swagging it in Australia

A SWAG-MAN OR SWAGGIE has to reduce life to the sheerest elements of simplicity, because he must live on no more than he carries on his back in the swag, which consists of a sausage-like roll tied round at both ends, and with a cord between the ties loose enough to allow the arm and shoulder to slip through and let the roll hang down the back. The main item of the swag is a blanket about half the width and twice the length of your bed blankets, this shape allowing it to be rolled round and round the body from feet up to shoulders and to stay put like that through the night. Inside the blanket is rolled a supply of provisions enough for two or three days—little bags of flour, tea, sugar, salt, a tin of baking powder, and any oddments like soap, matches and so on. The outfit is completed with a stout knife and a tin billy-can.

There are the widest kinds of difference in both the country and life of the back-blocks of Australia. I have travelled through bush country where the track ran through thick forest for days on end; and I have also tramped over great flat plains that ran away to a level horizon all round, and it was sometimes a steady two days' tramp from one station to another—a station there being what in America would be called a ranch.

In the more populous country, I'd meet perhaps three or four men on the track in a day; but in the country of the big stations and sheep runs, it was quite usual to go all day, or several days, not meeting a soul outside the stations. It is an unwritten rule of the track that if you meet another man, you halt and pass the time of day with any information you can each give about the track you have been passing over—like how far it is to the next house, what good camping grounds are on the way, and especially what water is to be found.

But there is a very strict etiquette or unwritten law about what you may and may not ask a fellow traveller. Any question about who you are and what you are doing there, anything about your private affairs, is strictly taboo, and the only question that can be asked without offence is: 'Where are you from?' or 'Where are you making for?' and the answer to those is only expected to give no more than the last place passed or the next on the road.

I remember one rather extreme case of this avoidance of anything that looked like butting into personal facts. I had camped alone by a waterhole one night, and just after dark I went to get some water, disturbed a snake and got bitten on my bare arm. I killed the snake and found it was a poisonous one. I was more miles from any help than I could hope to walk before the poison got me down, and anyhow I could not have kept the track in the dark. It didn't look too good. I did all I could for myself. You know—tourniquet twisted tight above the bite, gashes round it to let the blood run, permanganate crystals rubbed in. I'd no whisky—another recommended cure—so I drank pints of bitter black tea as a stimulant. But my arm swelled up big as a bolster and I was feeling pretty rocky, and then it struck me that if I pegged out the crows wouldn't leave much to identify me by when I was found, days later maybe.

I got out pencil and paper and scrawled a note of my name and an address of friends who would tell my people, put the note inside my hat and the hat on the ground by the fireside with a chunk of wood on top. Very luckily for me, a couple of teamsters were pushing on for the water where I had camped,

and when they found me they poured whole slugs of whisky into me and did everything else they could. I still had that notion in my mind of passing on the word to my people in case I passed out, but when I got out my note and told them what it was and asked if they could read it, they wouldn't



A swaggie panning gold

Wide World

look at it, pushed it into my pocket, and were sure I was over the worst.

That's the last I remember of that night, thanks to the whisky or the poison, or the two together maybe. I was a bit rocky next morning, but nothing to worry about, and I trekked along with them that day. I remembered them refusing to take or look at my note, and asked them why? They hemmed and hawed and wouldn't say at first, but I got it out of them at last. The whole idea was that if I had died they would know where to look for the note and it wouldn't matter to me if they knew my name and address; but if I pulled through I might think it dashed inquisitive of them to go poking into my private business before there was any need for it.

One line of work I tackled was about the most thrilling and fascinating I've met. I joined up with an old prospector on a gold-hunting trip, any such prospecting being my star turn at knowing nothing. But he knew it and I only had to trail along with him, help him by pounding up a bit of rock into powder occasionally, but mainly by taking trial pans to wash out at points he told me to try. The panning itself was easy enough to learn. It was usually somewhere along a stream, and the procedure was to put a shovelful of sand or earth from the stream's bed or bank into a wide shallow dish or pan, fill this with water and then, by swirling it round and round, get the water moving so as to hold the earth and sand in solution and let any heavier particles sink to the bottom. Every now and then some of the muddy water would be slopped over the edge until the dish was nearly empty except for the pebbles and stuff at the bottom. Then the last of the water was drained off and a jerk of the wrist shot the debris over the bottom of the pan, and if there was any gold there it could be seen instantly, even the fine grains of it shining clearly and brightly in the sun.

At some places we found in the pan little lumps of pure gold running from the size of a pin head to a good big pea, and it only needed a pan or two like that in one place to lift my excitement to fever heat. You see, it is not the gold in the pan that counts; it is the prospect that you are perhaps on the track of a find that may mean a fortune.

BOYD CABLE



'The famous, or infamous, Cape Horn'

Wide World

Round about Cape Horn

WHEN I WENT to Tierra del Fuego in 1929 there were no modern liners or aeroplanes to take me there. I had to travel first on a little steamer, where I shared the only cabin with men and women of mixed colour and an unmixed disregard of fastidiousness, and finally on a two-ton cutter where there was no real cabin at all. By this time I had penetrated further south than white women ever go as a rule, and very few white men—for that matter. We were heading south, along tortuous channels between half-submerged snow mountains which make the maze of islands that comprise Tierra del Fuego and end with the southernmost one jutting boldly into the antarctic, rounded by sailing vessels, and beaten by the fiercest storms on record—the famous, or infamous, Cape Horn.

Our final landing-place was on a practically uninhabited island; mountainous, and buried in snow. We had a wooden hut there and we camped for two months in mid-winter, lashed by icy storms, and within the sound of the savage breakers which hurled themselves against the Cape.

You could hardly imagine anything more lovely than the snow scenery which surrounded us, yet there was no one to appreciate it but a few wandering Indians, and I am afraid that they were far too much taken up wrestling a meagre living for themselves to pay much attention to beauty.

We had come south to work amongst the Indians—Professor Sir Baldwin Spencer and his party. We were treading in the footsteps of Charles Darwin, who came one hundred years earlier on his *Voyage of the Beagle*. Since then there had been no visitors but a few pirates and adventurers.

Very soon the Indians began to collect round our camp. These Yaghan Indians live in their boats, only leaving them at night to sleep on shore. There was one boat per family, and when they first came paddling up the river to our camp I used to wonder how they ever packed themselves in. There would be the husband, head of the family, with one or two wives, their children, and possibly a late wife—now discarded as too old, but useful for odd jobs, or perhaps even feared and respected because of her knowledge of witchcraft. One old woman, I know, acquired considerable prestige by having a reputation for strangling aged and unwanted relatives; and another, who was undoubtedly an expert fisherwoman, was held in some awe because she claimed to be able to coax fish on to her line by means of incantations. I saw this demonstrated when I went fishing with her myself, and whatever the cause was, it is no use denying that while my line remained almost completely idle there was no end to the number of fish on hers! As well as a man's wives, children, and relatives, a Yaghan Indian's canoe would contain all the family posses-

sions—a few spears, fishing lines, baskets, and a miscellaneous array of domestic animals. There were always two or three dogs which were used to hunt seals and otters in the caves along the islands, but as well there would often be a cat, a couple of rabbits, and a bird. By some miracle the Yaghans managed to persuade these ill-assorted pets to live together in complete harmony.

In the centre of every one of the boats that came up to our camp a fire was always kept burning. This was to prevent the family from freezing as it tossed across the icy seas. Each day was spent out in the boats in search of food to keep the family alive. Their main diet was shell-fish. When they were lucky in their hunting this diet would be varied with seal-flesh, guanaco, or roast bird.

The Indians moor their boats to the trunks of the kelp—a kind of seaweed—which are as thick as the trunks of saplings, when they go in search of seals or otters. Sometimes, as if unaware of danger, seals will follow these boats, and one night when I was afloat they came quite close to us making a creepy, uncanny noise—like old men coughing. But generally the Indians have to search for them in caves. These caves are simply dark slits in the cliff face and the Indians send their dogs ahead of them to pounce on and hold the seals or otters till they come up and finish them off with clubs. What few skins they get in this way are kept till a boat containing white men appears in one of the channels. Then canoes come paddling out from lonely coves, and Indians, with their faces charcoaled to bring them good luck, hold up their skins to barter for cast-off clothes, food, tobacco, or drink.

Drink has a dreadful effect on primitive people, and it used to send these Indians quite insane. The worst night I ever spent was on one of the Tierra del Fuegan Islands barricaded inside a flimsy hut, while the normally friendly Indians, made drunk with some drink they had obtained, whooped and fought with their women outside. They did not stop till they dropped with exhaustion. Next morning, still torn and bleeding with the violence of their orgy, they were thoroughly apologetic, but no apologies could wipe the memory of that terrible night from my mind. When they were sober we were very good friends.

An Indian camp consists of a wigwam which is erected when the family canoe comes to rest for the night. It is a conical frame of boughs with canvas or skins wrapped round it. Inside there is a fire and beds made of boughs put on the snow. It was a dwindling remnant that we lived amongst that winter. Already it has grown less. Soon the last of the Tierra del Fuegians will follow the last of the Bushmen and the last of the Tasmanians into oblivion. That is why we tried to make a record of them while there was still time.

JEAN HAMILTON

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*.

Youth Looks Ahead

The Rev. J. McCulloch confirmed my fears that the clergy of the English Church are, in nine cases out of ten, hindered from living the life which they have realised is their special vocation. Their lives are all hustle and bustle, and the things which ought to be occupying their time—earnest prayer, deep reading, meditation, etc.—can find no place. I admit that a priest would require great courage to sever his connection with the various guilds and social organisations which are to be found in every parish nowadays, but I cannot foresee the English Church truly meriting the title 'Body of Christ' until such bold steps are taken by those ordained to make men and women aware of such a body. I do not think that 'a glorious cessation of church committees', etc., is either inevitable or advisable: they may flag as a result of the clergy's action, but in my opinion the laity will eventually enter into them with an energy and zeal unequalled today in the best worked parish, because they will realise that the clergy should no more 'serve tables' than the apostles.

The Rev. J. McCulloch is young and keen. I am younger, nineteen, and I hope just as keen. There must be many who like him have the confidence of a single view of life, and although the time is not ripe for their visions to materialise, let us hope that by their lives they may hasten the coming of these good things.

Wallasey

G. LINDSAY BOWMAN

'Caution never broke its neck—nor preached the Gospel' is certainly true, and never more so than if the exponent in his advocacy stops short of offending the powers that be, national, economic, financial or ecclesiastical. The Vicar of Bray is still a prominent member of the Church and will have to be fought by the New Churchmen Mr. McCulloch envisages in the future. If Christianity is to live—or be revived from its present mummified condition—the New Advocate will have to be revolutionary and leave behind the primitive selfishness and shortsightedness of individual salvation to work for social salvation. The modern Christianity surely is that the individual must lose his own soul—and find it in the community.

Cheadle

ARTHUR MOSTYN

It is a very depressing thought that Mr. Boyd-Carpenter's outlook as expressed in his talk 'A Plea for Continuity' may represent that of a considerable section of England's youth today. If this section should ever become responsible for leading the nation it would then indeed be a case of the blind leading the lame. No doubt, as he suggests, this country may be traditionally 'Merrie England', but no country can be either merry or free whilst the majority of its citizens are economically bound. His inability to suggest any remedies whatsoever towards the alleviation of present social distress is hardly admirable and is rendered even less so by his uncharitable sneering at those who, as the result of hard thinking about observed facts, are ready to suggest possible remedies for manifest evils.

Mr. Boyd-Carpenter's contempt for planning and those who make plans is understandable but deplorable. Does he fully realise, I wonder, that many of the greatest and most far-reaching discoveries made in man's intellectual, scientific, and social spheres of activities existed at first only as ideas—the dreams and imaginings of thinkers; that the dreams became plans and the plans established achievements, sometimes confirmed in the laboratories of scientists, other times justified in the social sphere by their amelioration of existing evils and injustices? Having nothing constructive to offer in the solution of our problems, he needs must cover himself by casting suspicions of interested motives and a desire for popularity on all those who even so much as 'appear very constructive'. But this attitude is no answer to those who have done a deal more serious and constructive thinking about such matters than he.

Fairwater

T. FRANCIS JARMAN

The Indian Rope Trick

Karachi's letter in your last issue has certainly fluttered the dovescotes of the magical fraternity. I imagine there will be many of your readers who, like myself, are waiting with interest to see whether the Magic Circle is ready to stand to its guns and accept the challenge thrown down to it by Karachi. In Volume 28 of the *Magic Circular*, June, 1934, under the very dogmatic heading 'Exit—the Indian Rope Trick', that august body the Occult Committee of the Magic Circle has published its account of the demise of the venerable trick which Karachi has apparently so successfully resurrected. 'The grand inquest has been held on the Indian Rope Trick, and the verdict has relegated this ancient myth to the realm of the non-existent'. Thus the Grand Inquisitors of the Magic Circle described the opening of their investigation, in which peers, ex-Viceroy of India, distinguished clergymen and others are listed as having participated. With conscious or unconscious Hibernian wit they went on to report that 'the cumulative effect of the negative evidence presented was overwhelming' (*does nought plus nought really equal one?*) 'and it will be a bold man, or one careless of his reputation for veracity, who in future claims to have seen the most famous trick which has never been performed'. Well, Mr. Harry Price has now seen 'the most famous trick which has never been performed'. It has been photographed and re-photographed, challenges have gone to and fro, and we, the innocent spectators who can only read your paper or listen to Colonel Elliot's broadcasts, are thoroughly bewildered by it all. Is Karachi a real person? Or is he in league with the Magic Circle? Is a paltry five or two hundred guineas going to stand in the way of the truth being finally exposed? I am sure I speak in the name of many listeners when I say: Get on with it. Let us have your challenges, your denials, your articles, your photographs, your Karachis, your Magic Circles, brought together and tested at the bar of public evidence. Let the laws of gravity be defied by Karachi. Let the Magic Circle be squared.

Eastbourne

BASIL HOLYWELL

It would be of considerable interest to know if the man who taught Karachi the Rope Trick really was a Gurkha. I have been studying the social life of the Nepalese for some years now and have at various times interrogated several thousand Gurkhas from all parts of the country. Never have I found one to have the slightest knowledge of conjuring, and I can say with absolute certainty that performances of this kind do not, as in India, take place in Nepal. Incidentally, it may be noted that the Gurkha is a completely unsophisticated peasant, and generally speaking so clumsy with his hands as to be quite incapable of performing even the simplest of tricks. Perhaps Karachi would enlighten us a little further by making known the tribe and clan of his informer and, if he knows it, the district in Nepal whence he came: but I should be surprised to hear that he came from anywhere nearer Nepal than Darjeeling, where the term Gurkha is nowadays used, so to speak, to cover a multitude of sins.

King's College, Cambridge

C. J. MORRIS

The Queen of Cornwall

Mr. Francis Toye rightly criticises the ignoble version of the Tristan story set to music by Rutland Boughton, and contrasts it with the nobler version of Wagner. The difference, however, lies in the sources, not in Wagner's wise omissions. Our English poets have followed the prose version of Malory, a story compact of fragments recited by generations of minstrels and attached to the Arthurian legend. Unfortunately, Tennyson's uncritical adoption of this version has given a bad example to all subsequent English poets and dramatists. Wagner, however, followed the Northern version (unattached to the Arthurian Cycle) of which the origin was probably a nature myth of sun (Tristan) and ice (White-handed Iselt). This version, a descendant of which exists in the mediæval poem (c. 1210) of Gottfried von Strassburg, is accessible in Jessie L. Weston's charming prose translation (Nutt, 1899) and should be more

widely known by the general public and by any poet who may be attracted to the Tristan story. The story is hard to equal for pathos, literary restraint and beauty of prose.

The blemishes of the Malory and post-Malory versions do not exist in this. The episode of the second Iseult is not repugnant: Tristan, unhappy at hearing no news of Iseult of Ireland, marries the second Iseult, partly from sympathy for the pain of the love she feels for him, partly for the friendship he bore to Kahedin, her brother. 'And yet' (in the words of Miss Weston's translation) 'for the love which he bore to Iseult of Ireland, which might not be stilled, was she but his wife in name. Yet none but they two knew of it, and Iseult's doubts were laid at rest, for Tristan told her how he had made a vow, many a year ago, should he ever wed, to leave his wife a maiden for a year'.

Again, the death scenes are more nobly conceived. Tristan mortally wounded, waiting for Iseult of Ireland to come across the sea to heal him by her magic art, dies of grief when Iseult the White-handed maliciously reports that the coming boat is not that of his Iseult. When the Queen arrived and saw Tristan dead, she 'spoke no word more, but laid her down on the bier by her lover, and put her arms around him, and sighed once, and her soul departed from her body'.

Lastly, there is the nobility of King Mark's character, which gives to Wagner's opera so dignified and poignant an ending. 'Kurwenal told Mark all that had chanced, and the secret of the love potion, and how it was by no will of their own but through the magic of the love drink that the twain had wronged him. And Mark spake, weeping: "Alas! Tristan, hadst thou but trusted me, and told me all the truth, then had I given Iseult to thee for wife" . . . And by the tomb of Tristan he bade them plant a rose-tree, and by that of Iseult a vine, and the two reached towards each other across the chapel, and wove branches and root so closely together that no man hereafter might separate them'.

London, W.11

C. K. OSBORNE

Care of the Mentally Unfit

May I be permitted to reply to Mr. W. E. Grove's letter? The solution of the problem of mental disorder cannot, in its very nature, rest with those who would 'cast out the Devil'. It is twofold: (1) Apply vocational psychology within the framework of a rational social system and stop driving serious-minded people 'daft'. (2) Teach commonsense in moral hygiene and cease condemning poor souls to blindness and insanity even before they are born.

Our institutions are not filled with people afflicted of the Devil but largely with people condemned to mental darkness by sheer ignorance.

Chester

DENIS WILLIAMS

In your issue of January 9, a correspondent makes the very excellent proposal that mental hospitals should be subject to inspection *without notice*. Such a procedure would put an end to many abuses. As a result of my letter in THE LISTENER of January 16, I have been asked the date of issue of *The Times* to which I referred. Will you kindly permit me to state that it was September 29, 1934?

London, W.C.1.

FRANCIS J. WHITE

Secretary, National Society for Lunacy Law Reform

'The Serial Universe'

If Mr. J. W. Dunne will take a couple of mirrors and, gazing into one of them, examine the back of his head with the aid of the other, he will see an endless series of mirrors and an endless series of individuals each contemplating the back of the head of the one immediately in front. Each series will constitute, theoretically at least, what Mr. Dunne would call 'an infinite regress'. Yet it would be quite a mistake to suppose that to contemplate the back of one's head in a looking-glass implies the existence of either an infinite series of mirrors or an infinite series of individuals each contemplating the cranium of the next ahead. Each series is merely a product of reflection. And each 'infinite regress' suggested by Mr. Dunne is equally a reflection—a mirage without basis in logic or in fact.

When Mr. Dunne says that 'the mind which any human science can describe can never be an adequate representation of the mind which made that science', he makes use of the ambiguity of the term 'mind' to confuse the self with the stream of ideas and sensations which are presented in the mind to the consciousness of the self. I can contemplate and analyse without difficulty the ideas and sensations which flow through my mind.

But if I attempt to analyse the conscious 'self' which lies behind those ideas and sensations—the 'self' which is conscious of them—then I am completely baffled, as Mr. Dunne will be if he makes the attempt. This shows that the endless series of individuals each contemplating, psychologically speaking, the back of the head of his immediate forerunner, is both unnecessary and impossible. It is unnecessary because the ego can readily contemplate and analyse ideas and sensations which are quite distinct from itself. It is impossible because the self cannot analyse the self, which it would have been able to do had a secondary self been standing behind it after the manner imagined by Mr. Dunne.

From the very beginnings of metaphysics and mathematics their exponents have fallen into fundamental logical errors because of their failure to recognise the purely negative character of space and time. In analysing time and space we can only determine what they are to our own minds; never their absolute character. To our minds space is purely negative, the *absence* of substance, the gaps between objects, just nothing at all. What space is to objects time is to events. It is the gaps between events and, like space, it is purely negative. Mathematicians and metaphysicians persistently attribute to space and time the positive character which belongs only to objects in space and to the flow of events. Thus Mr. Dunne refers to the 'flow of time'. He might just as well refer to the movement of space. Just as objects move and not space, so events flow, not time. And, time being nothing, when Mr. Dunne refers to time 1, time 2, etc., he might just as well refer to nothing 1, nothing 2, and so on. No matter how minutely we may subdivide and classify nothing it still remains nothing. This fallacy alone invalidates the whole of Mr. Dunne's conclusions, Time and space being nothing, then serial time and serial space are also nothing.

If it be true—and we have no definite grounds for denying its possibility—that objects in space may have four or more dimensions, then space will offer no obstacle, since it is simply nothing. But there is neither two-, three- nor four-dimensional space because space, being nothing, cannot have dimensions. And time, being nothing, cannot be a fourth dimension. Dimensions can be attributed to *objects in space* only. But the exponents of 'relativity' have not merely transferred to space and time all the positive qualities belonging to objects and events, they have converted space into a gigantic balloon equipped with a curved surface—which they call a two-dimensional space—so positive and concrete that one could drive a nail into it. And this balloon is even expanding—inflated, apparently, by the never-ending stream of logical fallacies pumped into it.

Kettering

CHARLES EDWARD PELL

Factory Continuation Schools

I would like more information as to the nature of the instruction provided in the factory continuation schools extolled by Sir Kenneth Lee. Is it confined to business arithmetic and commercial geography? Sir Kenneth's Lancashire is evidence of what these things did for us in the last century. A recent correspondent to *The Times* argued that children should begin factory life at 11, before puberty brought its distractions into their lives. Does not this go to show that what these employers want is skilled hands, not cultured men and women? Do they choose the same career for their own children? I speak without wide experience, but it is my belief that in many children creative power is atrophied and killed by the rigidity of the school curriculum, or by the environment of factory and workshop. I want to see children free in the years of adolescence that are so full of new experience, and, with sweeping changes in educational methods, enabled to know, to understand, and to create things of beauty.

Nottingham

G. E. KIRK

Application of the Hadow Scheme

THE LISTENER has been so consistently helpful in educational affairs that I hesitate to point out an error in the issue of January 23, that unfortunately gives the general reader a false impression. It is stated 'the Hadow scheme, now generally approved and introduced throughout the country . . .'. 'Approved'—yes, by all educational associations and by progressive Local Education Authorities, but by no means by the backward ones. 'Introduced throughout the country'—no, this is quite incorrect, and probably arises from the statement in Parliament that 50 per cent. of the children of eleven plus are in reorganised schools. The 50 per cent. comes from the great

Authorities, including London, but there are Local Education Authorities, towns and counties, with not a single reorganised school. The truth is that the new Hadow Senior Schools are most unevenly distributed. There is at least one County Local Education Authority that has not built a Secondary School since 1902—they are content with converted private houses.

Newhaven

CITIZEN

Coffee from Brazil

It was with more than ordinary interest that I listened to Mr. Rowe's broadcast on 'Markets and Men', on January 17. The talk showed that, in order to destroy coffee, loans had to be raised, just as they doubtless were raised in order to plant and cultivate the crop; that, moreover, since the seasons had unfortunately been good, the loans raised were necessarily greater, but it was hoped, so the speaker said, that a good frost in August might ease things this year, by destroying a deal of the crop! To an ordinary scientist it sounds a trifle strange that man, after his long struggle to conquer the arbitrary and often rigorous rule of nature, should now find himself embarrassed by his security. But the Brazilians are a brave people, and though sinking deeper into debt, have the satisfaction of knowing that by their actions prices should rise, and enable them to pay, at least in part, the interest on the money borrowed to bring about the rise!

London, S.W. 1

C. STANTON HICKS

The Challenge of the Greek

I read with much interest the article by Dr. Glover on this subject, and the comments of your correspondents, Mr. Holywell and Sir William Beveridge. I should like to challenge the misstatements of Mr. Holywell. First he claims as a moral fault of the Greeks the institution of slavery. It is well known that masters educated all their promising slaves, and even appointed them as tutors for their children; that slaves were able to save money and purchase their freedom; while it was obviously a physical impossibility for the huge amount of perfect work in pottery, painting, sculpture and architecture that was turned out in such a miraculously short time to have been done by freemen or the upper classes. My contention is that the slaves were mainly happy and healthy people, glad to be rescued from 'barbarism', and infinitely better off than the wage-slaves of our own *enlightened* age, who vegetate in the hollow sham of a so-called freedom, and have their souls obliterated in this modern hell of mass-production.

Next, from Mr. Holywell, we get the subjection of women,

and the dark accompaniment of sexual perversion. This defeats itself on its own grounds. The whole of Greek art and thought bespeaks feminine influence of the highest order. As for sexual perversions, they have been attributable to all nations at all times. We may as well say that there are hot-beds of vice in London today, but nobody regards them as the backbone of the present age.

Next, we get lack of patriotism, which I think is the weakest of Mr. Holywell's points. One can hardly accuse the men of Marathon of not loving their country nor the sailors at Salamis of apathy, even though there may have been squabbles among their officers, while it is difficult to find a grander example than the transshipment of a whole people from Attica during the Persian holocaust, and their return and immediate rebuilding of the city on a nobler scale in the land of their forebears.

Balham

ERNEST CRABBE

A New Organisation of Architects

May we use your columns to draw attention to a new organisation of architects, about to be formed? Many architects and assistants today feel that, while their professional activities are restricted and their economic position is insecure, vast arrears of work in the fields of housing and planning are demanding skilled attention. For ourselves, we hold that we are obstructed and prevented from assuming our proper social responsibilities, by reactionary economic and political forces (symptomised and but feebly countered by the Architects' Registration Act) which are tending unmistakably in one direction. That direction, in our opinion, is towards Fascism. One of our first tasks, we consider, is to fight for higher working-class standards in housing and general conditions—the two cannot be separated—and we believe that architects with these views could usefully organise themselves.

A tentative programme which the organisation might set itself has been drafted. It includes as its immediate aims the study of, and research into, housing and other architectural problems, and the investigation of the position of employed architects, with a view to constructive activity in this and similar fields. A meeting, to which all architects, assistants and students are invited, will be held at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C. 1, on Monday, February 11, at 8 p.m. A detailed memorandum and draft statement of aims, forming the basis of discussion at the meeting, should be obtained by postcard application, to 77, Bedford Gardens, W.8.

London, W.8

F. SKINNER

Secretary, Provisional Committee

India

(Continued from page 216)

comes to Britain helps to find employment and life for many of us; we are also confident that friendships founded on mutual respect and mutual need will enable us to help each other along the road to a better life. We are certain also there is no permanence in force and domination. The Labour and Socialist movement has no interest in politics except to use the machinery of government for the common good. We would be only too glad to help pass a scheme brought forward by any Government which satisfied the hopes and aspirations of the Indian people, and gave to the masses even the start of ultimate control over their own lives.

I wish the Government would once again ask Indians to meet them in the same friendly spirit as was shown in 1931 when Lord Irwin met Gandhi and negotiated the Irwin-Gandhi pact which made it possible for Gandhi to come to London, where he was welcomed by His Majesty in his usual kindly gracious manner, as well as by my friends in East London and the Prime Minister.

Disagreements arose later; Gandhi and his friends went home to be imprisoned; the fine comradeship based on the recognition of the right of Indians to be treated as equals was broken up. I have no time or desire to apportion blame. We must win back that spirit, and once again join in a great effort at pacification. I am sure that given the opportunity, those who represent India would produce a scheme of their own, satisfactory to themselves and to us. Why not give them this opportunity?

Don't bother about their disagreements; they are not divided about this Bill; give them the responsibility of drafting proposals for discussion between us, not to force on us, but to enable us to reach as full agreement as possible. We owe a big debt of responsibility to the masses of India and can only pay this through co-operation as equals and in terms of service. A year or more of delay would be but a short time to wait for an agreed settlement. In the meantime, I also think Great Britain, which means you and me, should not only withdraw the Bill, but should also give immediate help to the starving millions in India, and by so doing also help our own unemployed.

Let us agree to give back to India the £200 millions given by poverty-stricken India to help us pay the cost of the War. I urge that this money be spent in Britain on goods and services urgently needed by the people of India. We give such assistance to many other nations; none has a greater call on us than India. Action of this kind—brotherhood in action—would demonstrate our unity, and prove our faith in the religion we profess.

This is a great responsibility; our interests cannot be served by domination, force or make-believe. The old teaching of the Gospels is true, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul'. Yes, and what shall it profit us if our flag flies over India only because we possess sufficient brute force to impose our will, and by this policy betray the religion we profess to believe in.

Books and Authors

Remembering Far-Off Things

Charlemagne. By Douglas Woodruff. Peter Davies. 5s.

The Emperor Charles IV. By Bede Jarrett, O.P. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.

The Mind of Napoleon. By R. McNair Wilson. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

India—Minto and Morley, 1905-1910. By Mary, Countess of Minto. Macmillan. 21s.

Reviewed by G. K. CHESTERTON

WHATEVER else we do, we must not consider present-day problems as problems of the present day. There are no new problems; and precious few new solutions. You have heard a great deal about the Versailles Treaty. That is a partisan matter, unsuitable to this place, and I will say nothing of it, except that I think it rather undignified that England should discuss the Treaty as if England had not signed it. But if I were to criticise the Treaty, my first objection would be that it gave new names to old things. Mr. A. P. Herbert, that admirable humorist, found something humorous about the name of Czechoslovakia; and I don't blame him. He implied we had never heard of it; but surely we have heard of Bohemia. He found the same funny mystification in Yugoslavia, which only means South Slavia. It is a mercy they did not re-establish Poland under the name of North Slavia. But Poles prefer to be called Poles, as Englishmen prefer to be called English. It would have been rather a shock if we had woken up after the War and found that President Wilson, after reading all the old history books about our Saxon origin, had decided that henceforward you and I must call our country West Saxony. A new name would not have made our nation anything but an ancient thing; and it does not make the Bohemian or the Serbian nations anything but ancient.

I have before me a number of books which everybody ought to read, and which nobody will properly understand, unless he understands those two great facts; first, that modern things are ancient; and second, and perhaps more important, that ancient things are still modern. One of them is the life of an Emperor who began as a mediæval King of Bohemia; another of an earlier Emperor who resisted the break-up of Europe in the Dark Ages; a third, of a third Emperor who attempted the reunion of Europe in what he regarded, rather pathetically, as the Age of Enlightenment. So, as one must take some slant or angle on these things, I will take as a test the ancient idea of an Emperor. Mr. Woodruff's *Charlemagne* is a short and clear outline of a man who was all the more an Emperor because he appeared after the age of Emperors, and tried to create a real Holy Roman Empire, when Europe was falling into feudal and national division. There are a thousand things to be said about Charlemagne, for he was both great history and great legend; but I will take the one point from Mr. Woodruff's brief and brilliant sketch which illustrates what I mean. Take the Europe of today, or even tomorrow. It is not taking sides to say that we all feel that everything depends on what Hitler really means; whether the renewed German swagger does threaten war or not; whether it is legitimate enthusiasm for national recovery or lawless menace of tribal revenge. Now I will take one test. Throughout the nineteenth century the French and Germans disputed for the glory of Charlemagne. The French boasted of the Song of Roland; the Germans refused even to talk of Charlemagne and called him Karl the Great, giving him the same prefix as Karl Marx. Now you will find the Nazis have suddenly stopped claiming Charlemagne and are abusing Charlemagne. You will find in Hitlerite works the name of Wittikind. Who was Wittikind? You may well ask. If you read Mr. Woodruff's book you will know. He was the heathen Saxon who inflicted a defeat on the Christian Frank, who had also come across the Rhine, but had distressed the best Nazi opinion by being baptised. Wittikind never mattered in the nineteenth century; but Wittikind may matter enormously in the twentieth century. He means that some Germans are no longer claiming the Christian Emperor, but are making a hero of his heathen enemy, because he was a heathen. You do not care about Wittikind; but Hitler may. You may not bother about Pagan Rome; but Mussolini does. The world is alive with ancient things; and if you live only on newspapers—on the news of what happened—you will never guess what will happen next.

The Holy Roman Empire, which Charlemagne had partly failed to found, was refounded later by families that certainly were largely Teutonic; but not exactly national. If you read Father Bede Jarrett's *The Emperor Charles IV* you will understand better why there is still something vaguely sacred

about Austria. The Middle Ages were international; much more international than the League of Nations. It was only at the Atlantic edge that nationality hardened, as in France and England and Ireland. Central Europe was not national in our way; nor is it now. But it was the seat of a mediæval vision of what moderns call a World State. The Emperor was not supposed to be a German Emperor, though he often was. He was supposed to be the Emperor of Europe. How many know—I did not know—that the King of England was asked to be Emperor of Europe? He was our Edward III, but he declined, preferring to be King of France. He wasn't either. The author of this book has an admirable summary of the paradox of Empire, with vast authority and very little power. But his hero and his epoch were intensely international and immensely concerned about peace. If the mediæval world did not fully establish peace, I am not sure the modern world has been a roaring success at it. My favourite pacifist is the Polish King who challenged the Bohemian King to mortal combat, to avoid, he said, the cruel waste of life in war. Our Presidents and Premiers might try that method. Meanwhile, unfortunately, the Bohemian King had gone blind (the same who figures in battle with our Black Prince), so he sent a polite message that if the Polish King would blind himself, preparations for the duel could go forward; but this was going further than even Polish etiquette would go.

One of the most interesting books I ever read is *The Mind of Napoleon* by R. McNair Wilson, and it is a striking example of something that may not be understood because it takes an unfamiliar view of things. In modern times, when men already wore trousers and top-hats, a genius attempted to revive this vision of the international Emperor. His name was Napoleon; and we have all read masses of nonsense about him, from that which calls him a superman to that which calls him a dirty little adventurer. Now it is true that Napoleon broke himself at last against those purely patriotic peoples on the Atlantic coast; chiefly the English and the Spanish. But you cannot understand him, if you think it seemed equally mad to be a mid-European Emperor, like the mediæval Emperors. If an English King could be a mediæval Emperor, a French Emperor might quite rationally become a modern Emperor. But to this Mr. McNair Wilson adds a point that will be called a paradox. He says, in a single sentence, that Napoleon was not attacking England, but attacking Lombard Street. His European system was a European system, directed against the domination of finance. What he was really complaining of then was what nearly everybody is complaining of now; the cosmopolitan bank. It happened then to operate from London, as it did later from New York and may tomorrow from Peking. He was right, upon this theory, for he was resisting a mere money power, that was to be the plague of all nations in modern times. Read the book; it may annoy you, it will certainly interest you.

My last book might seem morally, as it is geographically, thousands of miles from my topic. It is *India—Minto and Morley, 1905-1910*, by Mary, Countess of Minto. Its immediate purpose is to correct an impression that Minto was rather the reactionary and Morley alone the reformer in the Indian reforms. Lady Minto quotes effectively things said by the Viceroy that might have been said by Gladstone. 'If it was an unjust bill, I do not care for the prestige of fifty Punjab governments'. I think she proves her particular case. But reading it, I recur perpetually to that problem of the vitality of very ancient things. I said an English King was nearly Emperor of Europe; an English King really is Emperor of India. India is our one Imperial problem; ruling not a nation but nations. Whether Minto or Curzon or Gandhi or anybody is right, depends on Asiatic things more ancient than the European: how rooted are the castes? which is the most real religion? The only thing I would affirm is that the truth is not in recent but in remote events; in how much of the Mogul Empire remains, as the mediæval Empire certainly remains. If you want the last lesson of politics, it is that if you forget the far-off things, your sons and grandsons will remember them and rise up against you.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Theatre. By Komisarjevsky. John Lane. 3s. 6d.

THE TWO MAIN THINGS that emerge from the book are in the first place M. Komisarjevsky's admiration for dictatorship as the only satisfactory form of political government, and in the second his profound belief in the theatre as a 'closed shop'. This, from a contemporary point of view, may be sound journalism. It may also afford a certain amount of explanation as to why the productions of M. Komisarjevsky do not achieve the popularity of those, let us say, of Mr. C. B. Cochran. It is true that M. Komisarjevsky refers in flattering terms to Mr. Cochran, and suggests that Mr. Cochran is lined up under the same banner as himself. Unfortunately, the rest of the book flatly denies it. Mr. Cochran is a showman first, last, and all the time: M. Komisarjevsky is essentially a technical director, thinking of the theatre first and of the audience rather as a necessary evil. It is, of course, true that in Russia and Germany the theatre is taken seriously, whereas in England it is regarded as a slightly unfortunate substitute for the infinitely more popular music-hall, and that therefore M. Komisarjevsky's attitude would be far more intelligible and justifiable if it were expressed in a book written in Russia. But surely the time has come for theatrical managers and enthusiasts alike to think rather more of their audiences and rather less of themselves and their tricks? The commercial managements so vigorously slated by M. Komisarjevsky make the deplorable mistake of rating the intelligence of their audiences far too low. M. Komisarjevsky makes the mistake of implying that unless his audience will accept the study of dramatic art as a religion, he does not care whether they come into the theatre or not.

If only for its provocative qualities, the book should be read, but it gives a certain impression of hasty composition and lack of revision. While considering 'revision', M. Komisarjevsky would do well to come off his hobbyhorse for a moment and revise his entirely contemptuous estimate of what he calls the 'commercial film'. Nobody will deny that there have been hundreds, even thousands, of grotesquely bad and vulgar commercial films, but that a stage director of great reputation should lump the whole of the commercial cinema together in the same bag, finding no merit in any film directors outside the ranks of the Russians, M. René Clair and Mr. Chaplin, is simply an example of the intellectual highbrow at one of his most exasperating games. It implies a lack of elementary sophistication and knowledge of the world as it is, which greatly reflects upon the theatre as a contemporary living force. It is perhaps the same lack of sophistication—unless it is the entirely intelligible exasperation of the born individualist who has had to do so much of his work with committees—that drives M. Komisarjevsky to his extravagant admiration for the method of Hitler and Mussolini.

Preface to Peace. A Guide for the Plain Man

By Sir Norman Angell. Hamilton. 7s. 6d.

AN OXFORD undergraduate, a young man who considers and reflects, told the present reviewer the other day that he did not believe any kind of propaganda against war had much effect on the young. We may wonder what he would say to this crisp and pointed summary of what Sir Norman Angell has been writing and speaking for thirty years. He would almost certainly be glad to find in it no appeal to sentiment. He would enjoy, I think, the rigorous reasoning, the close intellectual texture of the book. He could not but admire the skill of the writer in bringing up his arguments, one after the other, with planned strategy. He would certainly feel that his knowledge had been widened and his ideas clarified. Whether he would be persuaded that no country can ever gain by war is doubtful. If Sir Norman said 'no people', meaning the mass of men, women and children who inhabit a country, he would be unassailably right. But there are classes and groups of individuals who profit, as Bismarck did when he became First Minister of an Empire instead of a small kingdom, and as generals do when they are ennobled and enriched; as money-lenders (financiers and bankers) do, and exporters when they have new 'spheres of influence' or new markets enclosed by tariffs opened to them. It is by individuals such as these that public opinion has been hitherto directed, by means of the Press and the platform. Palmerston, resolved on war with Russia, worked up warlike feeling, as we see in

Kingsley Martin's *Triumph of Lord Palmerston*. Lord Milner, convinced that there had to be war in South Africa, spread that belief with the aid of newspapers and politicians. In neither case did the nation want to fight. It was induced to fight by men who thought there was something to be gained by it—not for themselves, but for 'the country'; and these men were backed up by all who hoped to gain personally by war.

Sir Norman is right to tell John Smith that it is he who must change if war is to be abandoned, but he rather overlooks the historical fact that the mind of John Smith all through the ages, and in all lands, has been made up for him by rulers or leaders, sometimes men working for ends of their own, sometimes idealists or men of vast energy that must find outlet (or maybe a mixture of both). Sir Norman admits this when he speculates on what might have happened in America 'if Alexander Hamilton had not lived'. He forgets it when he puts all the responsibility for choosing between war and peace on 'the ordinary man'. He himself shows that the ordinary man is unable to see through the flummery and flap-doodle of politicians and newspaper proprietors; that he swings round violently in any direction as soon as his prejudices and his ignorance are exploited. All changes in human behaviour have been made 'from the top'. That is to say, a small number of persons have thought their way to a conclusion and gradually this has been imposed on the mass. So slavery was abolished and religious persecution and the bloody games of the arena. So war will be abolished, is being abolished now. And among the small number of people who are 'leavening the lump', so that the lump will in time regard war as it regards slavery and burning at the stake, Sir Norman Angell's name shines brightly, and has shone for a longer time than any. This book will rekindle in many minds the flame lit by *The Great Illusion*—and by an earlier work which he called *Patriotism under Three Flags*. There is the same cool reason in it and, better still, behind the superb argumentative power glows a passionate ardour for all that is sane and honourable and lovely, with a fierce hatred for all ugliness, falsity, and lunatic crime.

Sir George Goldie: Founder of Nigeria

By Dorothy Wellesley. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

A rich field awaits the attention of historians in the life and work of a large number of unjustly forgotten makers of the British Empire. Occasionally we are reminded of this when we get books like Professor Morison's recent life of Sir Henry Lawrence, or, as now, Lady Gerald Wellesley's memoir of Sir George Goldie. In the manner and the agencies by which they were acquired, the nineteenth-century extensions of the British Empire are often strangely reminiscent of the first acquisitions in the dawn of the Modern Age. In the nineteenth, as in the earlier centuries, individuals went out empire-making, almost, it seemed, on their own. Their actions committed their Government—often very much against its will—to intervene in distant territories, and Britons woke up to find that their possessions had increased, apparently over-night, by the addition of places and lands of strange-sounding names and unknown location. Even the seventeenth-century instrument of the Chartered Company came back into service to subserve the ends of the adventurous ones, Elizabethan in temper if not in time, who were pushing England's bounds farther and farther, right up to the last years of the Victorian age. So near are we to the last great outburst of imperialist expansion conducted by the latter-day Elizabethans of whom we are speaking, that one of the greatest and most honoured of them all—Lord Lugard—is, happily, still among us to enrich the Mandates Commission and the House of Lords with his experience, and to inspire his countrymen with his character and record of service.

Sir George Goldie yields pride of place to none of his contemporaries. He played a big part in big events, and he brought to his circumstances the same simple, upright, fearless, and absolutely undeviating honesty of deed and fixity of purpose as characterises almost all the active 'on the spot' imperialists of the nineteenth century. It is high time that his name was rescued from the oblivion into which it seemed to be settling down, and Lady Gerald Wellesley has done well to stake out a claim for him in our memory. Her memoir does not profess to be strict history. She is concerned, as she herself says, 'to present the man to the reader'. It is fortunate that she knew him so well,



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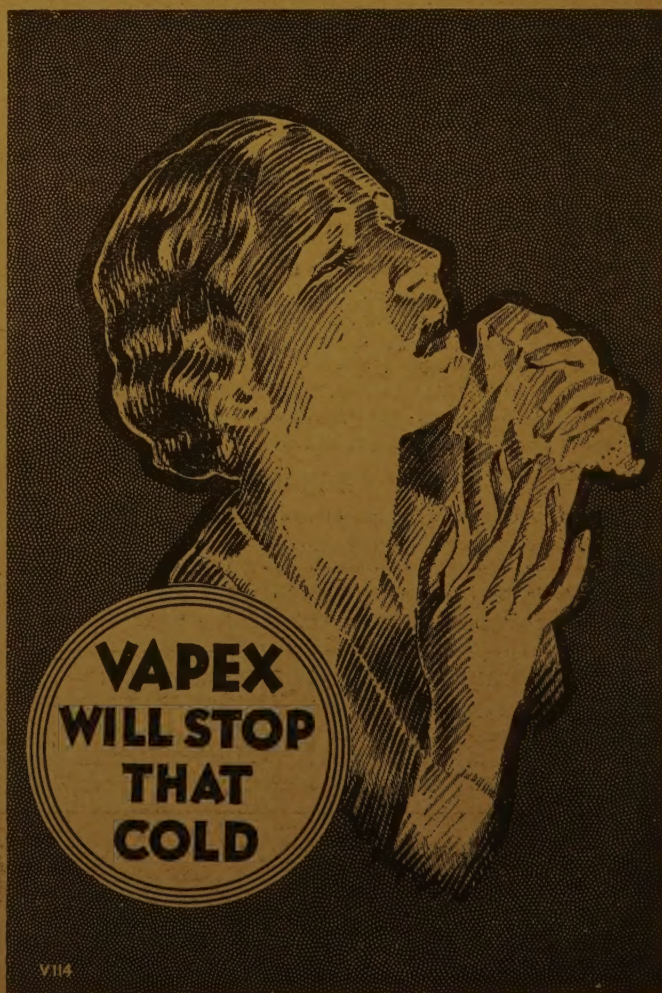
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for he had a passionate hatred of publicity, would never write about his own deeds, and even burnt all his papers shortly before his death. Had these papers survived, we might have had a more adequate account of Sir George Goldie's achievements in Nigeria, for, to tell the truth, the memoir suffers somewhat from the slight treatment of the main work of Sir George's life. It is true that Mr. Stephen Gwynn's historical introduction fully makes up for the memoir's shortcomings in this respect, but the reader does feel a certain sense of loss in the dissociation of personality and achievement which is the result of this division between two authors of what is essentially one subject. This criticism must not be made too sweeping. Mr. Gwynn's introduction is sheer delight. Clear, interesting, and adequate, it lifts the curtain on a fascinating and still little-known corner of imperial history. It is a definite contribution to history, and occupies half the book. On the other side, Lady Gerald Wellesley's memoir in its artless, occasionally discursive style brings out her hero's personality as admirably as even she herself could wish. It is an attractive hero who emerges from her records of conversations, anecdotes and quotations from rare letters, of which we could wish for many more. The emotional strength of his nature went mostly into his work for the Empire, but he was far from being a mere romantic. He had wisdom in the true sense of that word, and statesmanship also. His ideas contained the seeds of the present system of indirect rule which Lord Lugard developed and strengthened, and he believed passionately that injustice was not only bad morals but also bad statecraft. In his character, Sir George Goldie typified the best virtues of his race, and Lady Gerald Wellesley has certainly helped us to understand something more of the driving forces which impelled and enabled him and his peers of the nineteenth century to set the bounds of the British Empire 'wider still and wider'. A valuable and very readable book.

Don Quixote: An Introductory Essay in Psychology
By Salvador de Madariaga. Gregynog Press. 42s.*

One of the effects of good criticism is to drive the reader, keen and hungry, to the work criticised. That is perhaps the surest test of criticism and Señor Madariaga's essay comes triumphantly out of it. He will make it more difficult for those who have not read the greatest novel in the world to refrain any longer, and he will certainly compel those who already know it to turn to it again with a sharper eye for its profundities. 'It has been claimed', writes Señor Madariaga,

that the chief merit of *Don Quixote* lay in the extreme simplicity of the characters. This may indeed seem to be the case, but it is not so. *Don Quixote* owes its popularity, not its merit, to the fact that the characters are capable of simplification and once simplified still continue to be of the greatest interest. It is like a symphony the melody of which runs in one's head and so becomes popular, but this does not prevent it from possessing at the same time a rich harmonic texture, closely and subtly woven.

It is with the 'harmonic texture' that this essay is chiefly concerned. It demonstrates in a study of Don Quixote, Sancho Panza and two other characters, backed by copious quotation from the book itself, the extraordinary richness and subtlety of Cervantes' character-drawing. This has in course of time been much obscured by the kind of superficial criticism which has reduced Don Quixote and the faithful Sancho to two antithetical and symmetrical characters—the Knight valiant, idealistic, pathetic, mad; the Squire cowardly, materialistic, comical, and full of commonsense. But this is merely an example of that hasty and vicious pigeon-holing which such criticism loves to practise. It is a blunder whose effect is fatal to a proper appreciation of the book, because it blinds the reader who believes in it to the richer complexities of each character. Señor Madariaga disposes of it without difficulty: he even shows us, rather to our surprise, that in point of fact Sancho was not a coward.

The truth about the relation of the two characters is that they are 'a complicated and delicate parallel'. 'Sancho is, up to a point, a transposition of Don Quixote in a different key'; and of this, Señor Madariaga shows us, Cervantes himself was well aware. This assertion of the parallelism and the rejection of the false contrast of the two characters is the most important and illuminating idea in the essay. Armed with it, you can explore *Don Quixote* under a new and penetrating light. But Señor Madariaga has interesting things to say on other aspects of the book. *Don Quixote*, as everyone knows, was written to explode the popularity of the old Chivalry Books which, at the date of its composition, enjoyed a vogue which rivalled that of

detective fiction today. It is clear that Cervantes himself was deeply read in them, and Señor Madariaga suggests with some plausibility that Cervantes' original intention was to write another and a better Chivalry Book, but that, once he had made a start, his sense of the ridiculous was too much for him. Parody was another variety of literature that was in vogue at the time, and inevitably Cervantes, being Cervantes, dropped into parody. It is an amusing, even if not an entirely credible theory. The Gregynog Press has made of the outward and visible part of the Essay a most beautiful piece of work.

A History of Food Adulteration. By F. A. Filby
Allen and Unwin. 10s.

On the whole this is a book for the optimist rather than the pessimist. Dr. Filby shows that the crime of food adulteration and its detection have advanced at a nearly even pace, and because his study forms a chapter in the history of analytical chemistry as well as in the record of human frailty, it is appropriately included in the History of Science Library edited by Professor A. Wolf. Roughly, there seem to have been three phases in the history of food adulteration—a primitive and fairly stationary phase which lasted down to the early nineteenth century; an intensive phase, strikingly coincident with the development of competitive and technologically progressive industrialism; and a recent phase, only tentatively suggested in this book, of successful counter-attack by science and legislation upon the evil practices in dangerous and extended vogue during the nineteenth century. The subject of Dr. Filby's study is large and diffuse, and the method he has adopted to render it compassable within the scope of a modest volume is to group his material under trades. He deals with the grocers, the bakers, the brewers, the vintners and the distillers. To the history of malpractices in his five selected trades he adds a chapter which traces the beginnings of food analysis and a résumé of later developments. Dr. Filby's book is, of course, a chamber of horrors, even though it is full of quaint information. Primarily and avowedly a study in the chemistry of the subject, it deals only in the slightest way with the legal and administrative aspects of food adulteration. That is the book's weakness. If room had been found for a record of the efforts of Thomas Wakley and John Postgate to awaken the public conscience, and if Dr. Filby had made use of the popular literature on his subject, his book would have had a wider appeal. The subject of food adulteration is social as well as scientific. Dr. Filby's treatment, if learned, is no more than technical and antiquarian: it springs from a highly specialised view of the scope of the story of science.

English Poetry and the English Language
By F. W. Bateson. Oxford. 6s.

Archetypal Patterns in Poetry. By Maud Bodkin
Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

For three hundred years now, we have given up more and more of our thought to mechanics and to certain forms of business. In this way, while new precision has been gained in certain fields, some of the scope of language has been lost, and words, even when they appear to be the same, have become different in their effects upon us. Mr. Bateson has produced a useful little book on these changes: he is interested not in their causes, but in their effect upon poetry, and his problem is a difficult one, for the poet, like other people, will acquiesce in a tendency up to a certain point, and then rebel against it. Thus we find poetry becoming more and more 'rational', more and more concerned with the material aspect of things, throughout the eighteenth century, until we come upon a series of revolts against the limitations of the 'scientific' use of language. All of these revolutionaries—romantics, symbolists, imagists—would agree in one thing: they felt themselves cramped by the increasingly materialistic use of ordinary speech. Scientific language, they said, was all very well for certain limited purposes, but it ignored, or attempted to ignore, the evidence of inward senses merely because it was difficult to secure general agreement about such evidence: it even attempted to remove the vividness of any impression of colour or texture from the world and concentrated upon those which were measurable. These measurable aspects, length, mass, time, said the poet, might be the important ones for the engineer, or the chemist, or the business man, but for the rest of us there was a world of feeling which any language built up to deal with outer things

could not adequately describe. In that world of feeling there were certain patterns which were valuable and which could be seized upon by one man and communicated to another, if only words could be used without the cramping restrictions of the purely mechanical interpretation which the reader, under the influence of his scientific habit of thought, tended to give to all writing. Sometimes the poet tried to achieve that exact description of his chosen aspect of experience by the use of strange words, sometimes by the use of new rhythms or a more careful use of the old, sometimes by a use of myths, stories in which we feel that there is some latent content, some hidden truth, beneath the obvious, overt narrative.

Poetry in which the last method predominates is obviously very closely related to dreams, and the 'hidden truths' may represent some necessary action of our minds which is as important as the more obvious logic which governs the world of the outer senses. Psychologists have long been interested in dreams: now they are turning their attention to poetry, for poetry which is appreciated by normal, intelligent, sensitive readers must contain latent patterns which correspond to something actually or potentially in the minds of those readers. Miss Bodkin has tried to find the underlying pattern in 'Hamlet', 'Kubla Khan', 'Paradise Lost' and other well-known poems. Her book, like Mr. Bateson's, is clogged with references, quotations, and acknowledgements, often dealing with points which are familiar or obvious and need no foster-parentage; sometimes she shows a closer acquaintance with minor academic critics than with original workers such as Coleridge or Shelley; and her interpretations are often obvious and add neither to our appreciation of the poem nor to our insight into psychology. Nevertheless her approach to poetry is reasonable: she recognises poetry as a reasonable activity of reasonable men, and as something which, in so far as it is more than rhymed common-sense, requires, like mathematics, a sensitiveness to its particular technique. But her method does not enable her to say what effect a conscious knowledge of the symbolism may have upon the satisfaction given by myths and archetypal patterns, nor does she discuss the difference between poems which unconsciously exemplify an 'archetypal' pattern and those which consciously use a 'myth' which the reader, scientifically speaking, does not 'believe'. Poetry has arrived at the point reached by geometry a century ago. Since then, geometers have learned to grasp and to develop a theory without asking whether it is 'true'. For them, the question is not whether a particular geometry is 'true' in the abstract, but whether it is applicable in a particular situation. Furthermore, a new poem, if it is 'imaginative' in Coleridge's sense of the word, may require an overturning, a *bouleversement*, a re-organisation of our whole set of tendencies to react to certain situations; and only an extension of the *Gestalt* theory of psychology (which Miss Bodkin does not mention) seems competent to give an account of it.

There are three fundamental questions for poetry today. First, how are we to find a poetry which can give these necessary reorganisations to our minds if at the same time we take an analytical interest in the process itself? Secondly, will a gradual submergence of the individual in communist or nationalist movements lead to an emphasis on 'mass consciousness' and 'racial memory' which will influence poetry? And thirdly, will the progressive 'mechanicalisation' of language and the consequent diminution of verbal control over the world of the inner senses be arrested now that mechanical science seems to have fulfilled its economic function? For those interested in such questions, Mr. Bateson and Miss Bodkin present useful material for thought.

The Teaching of Art in Schools

By Evelyn Gibbs. Williams and Norgate. 12s. 6d.

The newer theory that would make the art instruction of children an extension of Glorious Play, rather than a part of the ordinary This-is-good-for-you-because-you-hate-it curriculum, is beginning to produce a literature of its own, and this book comes as a useful complement to Mr. R. R. Tomlinson's recent *Picture Making by Children*. While Mr. Tomlinson gathered the work of his child artists from the world at large, Miss Evelyn Gibbs illustrates only the work of two London schools, her own (this being handsomely done with 6 colour and some 60 other plates), and confines herself to giving in great detail her own methods and theories, with all possible information about the materials and processes employed. The vigour and originality of these drawings, which the Keeper

of the National Gallery appreciatively notes in the course of an enthusiastic Foreword, will no doubt fire many practising teachers to attempt Miss Gibbs' methods in order to achieve Miss Gibbs' results. Teachers who are at present allowing the use of the fatal materials which the author catalogues in a dreadful list—'inadequate paper, bad water-colours, spidery paintbrushes, unsympathetic pencils and the inevitable rubber'—may, as like as not, be beyond hope, but there may, on the other hand, be those who by ill-luck or lack of knowledge have been forced to continue older methods, and it is these who may well take heart and profit by this excellent book. Nevertheless, let it be clearly recognised that the subtle faculty for inspiring works of art in children cannot be in the possession of anyone not himself an artist.

Here are set forth with such liveliness and conviction the occupations suitable for children—the making of large paintings, strong in colour and vigorous in brushwork, the simple crafts of lino-cutting and of lino-block printing of fabrics—that the reader comes with some surprise to a final chapter on lettering and writing. One feels suddenly to have slipped back into an older and less enlightened world, incompatible with the theory underlying the rest of the book. Children's pictures necessarily lack many of the qualities of mature art, but by way of compensation they possess among other good qualities a directness of expression which the grown artist may despair of regaining. Children's pictures, therefore, have an absolute value. Children's lettering, if it attempts to rival that of a school of art, can have none. And it would seem, metaphorically, a perilously short step from the Trajan Column to the Parthenon, from the Lettering Chart back to the Cast-from-the-Antique! This, however, is a point for debate. Miss Gibbs' book can be warmly recommended. It is both practical and stimulating, and in this happy combination is first in its particular field.

The Craft of Forgery. By Henry T. F. Rhodes Murray. 10s. 6d.

Forgery is one of the crimes for which the legal penalties became increasingly severe from the date when it first became a statutory offence in 1562, through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Where under Elizabeth the worst that happened to you was the pillory, loss of the ears, slitting and searing of the nostrils, forfeiture of land and perpetual imprisonment, penalties graduated according to the heinousness of the forgery, after 1634 you could be put to death, and death remained the penalty increasingly applied for the next two hundred years. The eighteenth century was the time when instruments of credit and banknotes were first being manufactured without there being any efficient means of detection and arrest. The social implications of forgery became very great, and have remained so, as recent large-scale frauds have shown. There was, accordingly, plenty of room for a serious study of the art, and Mr. Henry T. F. Rhodes has now supplied it in *The Craft of Forgery*, in which he follows up a hundred-page essay on the changing social patterns in forging seals, coins, signatures, handwriting, with a number of brief studies of famous trials which have turned on forged documents. From Mary Queen of Scots to Dreyfus a number of leading criminal trials have involved forged letters. Mr. Rhodes discusses in his conclusions the recurrent mistakes that forgers make, with a view to establishing the science of detection on the widest possible basis. He shows how chemistry is making the faking of documents increasingly easy to detect. Ultra-violet rays can now be used to restore writing which has been chemically removed from documents, and the vapour of ammonium sulphide can also bring back words which have been removed. Mr. Rhodes ranges over a wide field in the manner of the discursive essayist, making a number of observations—as those on the way forgery enters into many crimes, and in a crime which may be due to almost any motive where most other crimes can only spring from one or two. He is to be read as one writing an introductory volume designed to bring home to the public the importance and fascination of the whole subject rather than a treatise. It is tantalising at times that his treatment of so many matters is not more complete, because he is a specialist who has perhaps been a little too careful of the reluctance of the general reader to go at all deeply into anything involving scientific knowledge. But as an introduction to criminology in one of its most important branches, and an introduction lavishly garnished with exciting stories, like the history of Jim the Penman, the member of the Inner Temple who lived a double life as a master forger, this book could hardly be bettered.